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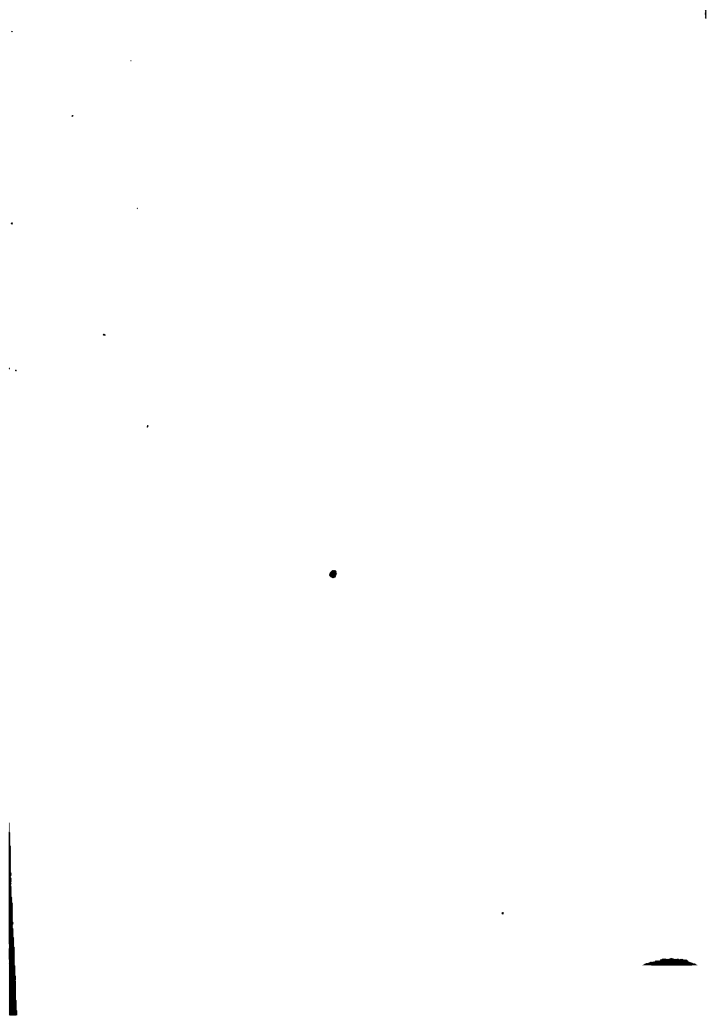
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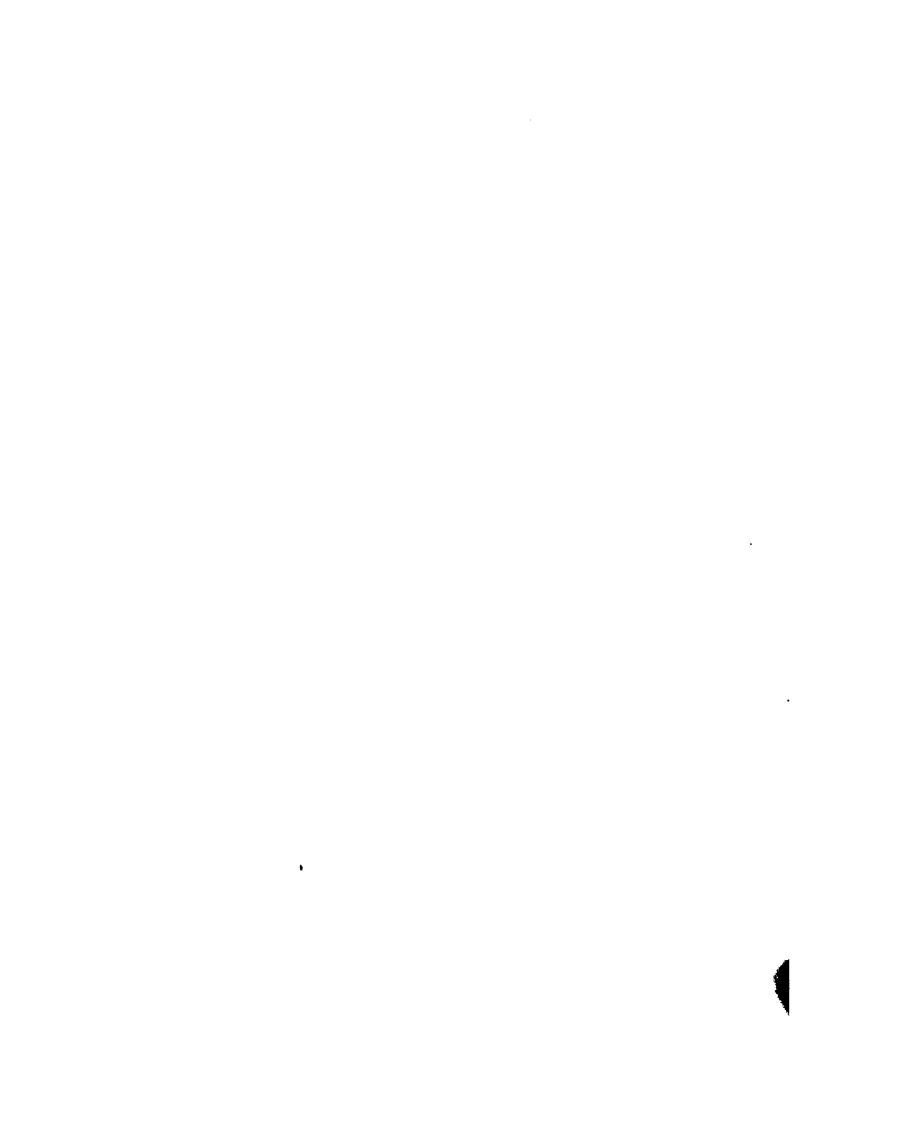


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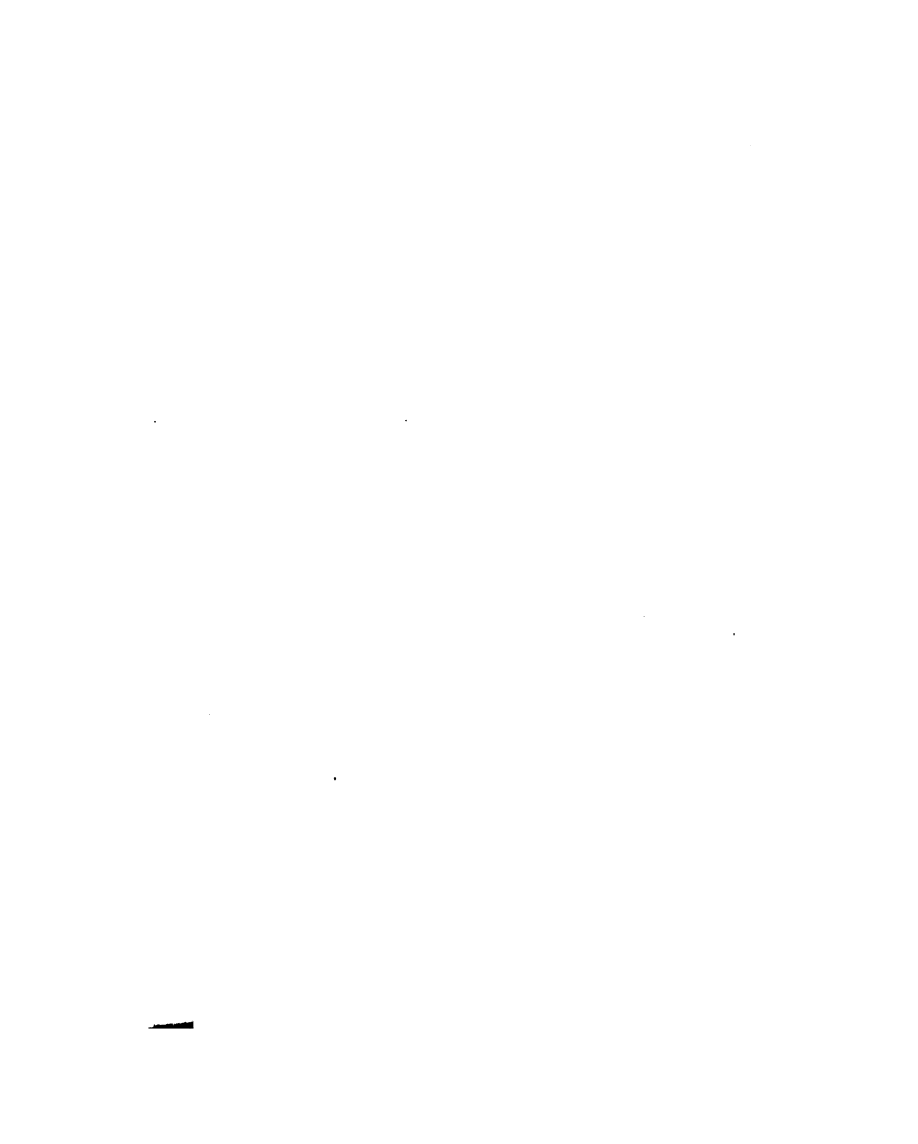


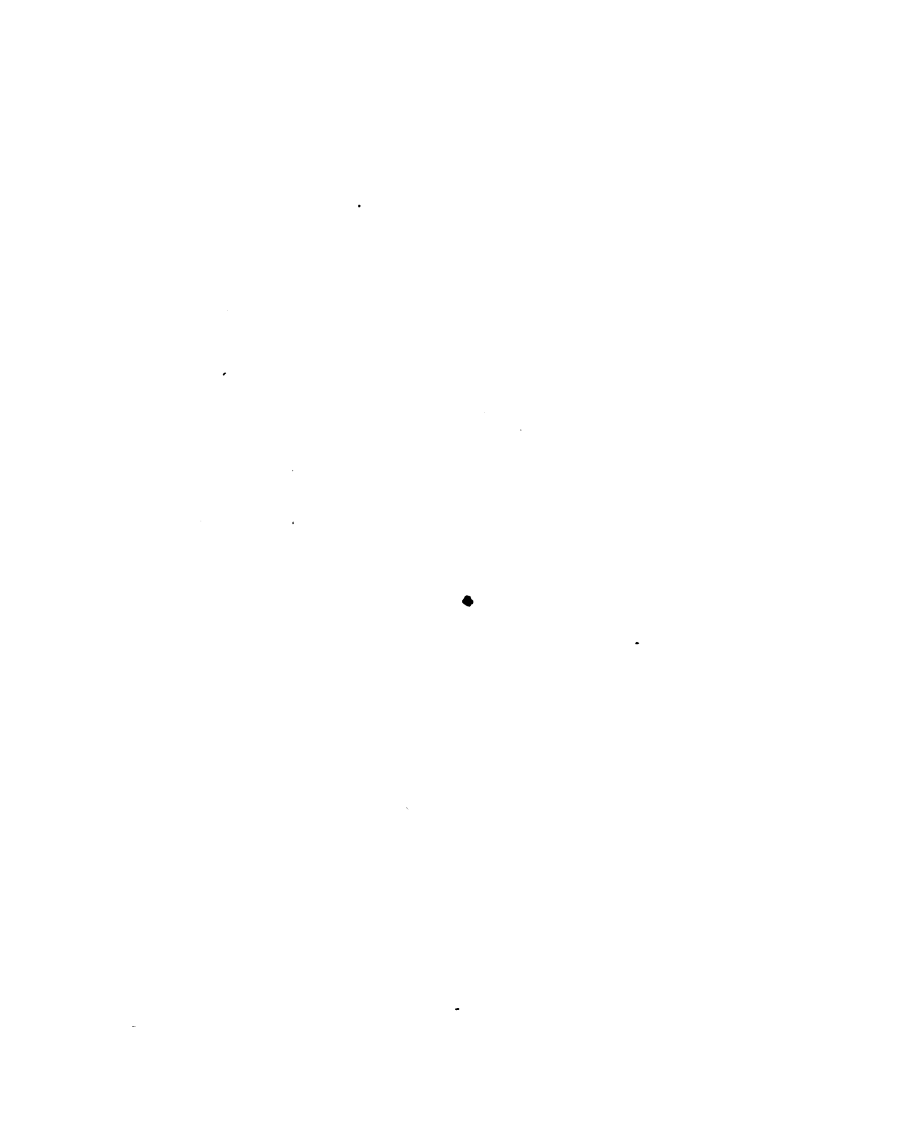


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COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act 4. Scene 4.

Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio, Courtesan, etc.

First Published by J. & J. Boydell, Shakspeare Gallery, London.

THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

BY MORLEY, H. J.

THE COMEDY
OF MERRORS

"THE MENCHMUS," FOR
EXAMPLES, WHICH IN SOME
RESPECTS IS LIKE SHAKES-
PEARE'S PLAY AND MAY
HAVE SUGGESTED IT

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.

1897

THE PLAYS OF
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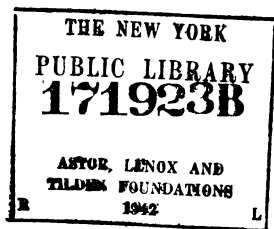
HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

THE COMEDY
OF ERRORS

WITH "MENECHMUS," BY
PLAUTUS, WHICH IN SOME
RESPECTS IS LIKE SHAKESPEARE'S
PLAY AND MAY HAVE SUGGESTED IT

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INTRODUCTION.

THE *Comedy of Errors* was first printed in the first folio of Shakespeare's works. It is the second piece named in Meres's list in the "*Palladis Tamia*," published in 1598 :—"For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Love's Labour's Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*." Here it is named between the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's Lost*—Shakespeare's earliest original comedies, and there can be no doubt that it was among the earliest of Shakespeare's works.

His work as a writer of plays wholly his own began about the year 1592, when he had been for some six years working in London with the players, and his age was about twenty-eight. It is impossible to know accurately in what degree Shakespeare may have been indebted to preceding English versions of the comedy by Plautus—the *Menæchmi*—from which this play is taken as the matter for a merry farce.

A play called *The Historie of Error* was acted at Hampton Court by the Children of Paul's on New Year's Day, 1576-7, some ten years before Shakespeare came to London; and on Twelfth Night, in 1583 (new style), there was acted before Queen Elizabeth a *Historie of Ferrar*, which may have been the same play incorrectly entered. Although the use at Court of classical themes might make it likely enough that this play—which is not preserved—may have been an early version in English of the *Menæchmi*, it is quite as likely to have been some allegorical piece, and we cannot lay much stress upon the possibility that Shakespeare may have used it as the groundwork of his *Comedy of Errors*.

There is one passage in the *Comedy of Errors* which raises, almost to certainty, the great probability that it is, like the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of Shakespeare's earliest pieces. When in the Second Scene of the Third Act Dromio is making out the geography of the globe of Nell the kitchen wench, he finds France "in her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her heir." The play on the words hair and heir *here must refer* to the civil war against the succession of Henri IV., who became heir to the throne

by the assassination of his father in August, 1589, and secured his crown by becoming a Roman Catholic in July, 1593.

In December, 1594, a piece, which probably was Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, was acted at Gray's Inn, as told in a volume of "*Gesta Grayorum*," relating to that year: "After such sports a *Comedy of Errors* (like to Plautus his *Menæchmus*) was played by the players, so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors."

In 1595 there was published a translation of the *Menæchmi* by W. W., that is to say William Warner, a practical attorney, who had published³ in 1586 "*Albion's England*," from the Deluge down to his own time, in thirteen books of fourteen-syllabled verse. Though published in 1595 the printer's advertisement tells that the MS. of this play had been for some time handed about among friends. It may, therefore, have been the translation that made the old Latin play known to Shakespeare, and caused him to write his own variation upon it. But that is a question of no importance. Any other version of Plautus in

English, French, or Italian, would have done as well, and it is very likely that Shakespeare knew the play in the original. Plautus was in his day read commonly in schools, and the *Menæchmi* had a place among his works that would have caused it to be often the play chosen by a school-master. Shakespeare may have had, as Ben Jonson said, "little Latin," but little boys were taught to begin their school life then with Latin enough to enable them to read text books, in which other studies were carried on through Latin; and the Latin of a boy of twelve in Elizabeth's reign was, perhaps, not less available for actual reading at sight than that of a modern Bachelor of Arts who has contented himself with a pass degree.

Warner's translation of Plautus is here added to Shakespeare's play, as it is simply a translation, act by act, scene by scene, speech by speech, without any alteration of the action, of the names of characters, or even of the sense of any speech, in the free rendering that was to bring it home to English readers. Only the Prologue is abridged, and it may be convenient to give the story preceding the one day of Errors, from the translation of *Plautus* by Bonnell Thornton :—

"There was a certain merchant, an old man
Of Syracuse. He had two sons were twins
So like in form and feature that the Nurse
Could not distinguish them who gave them suck,
Nor even the Mother that had brought them forth,
As one informed me who had seen the children ;
Myself ne'er saw them, don't imagine it.
When that the boys were seven years old, the Father
Freighted a vessel with much store of merchandize,
Put one of them on board, and took the child
Along with him to traffic at Tarentum,
The other with his Mother left at home.
When they arrived there at this same Tarentum
It happened there were sports ; and multitudes,
As they are wont at shows, were got together.
The child strayed from his Father in the crowd.
There chanced to be a certain merchant there,
An Epidamnian, who picked up the boy
And bore him home with him to Epidamnum.
The Father, on the sad loss of his boy,
Took it to heart most heavily, and died
For grief of 't, some days after, at Tarentum.
When news of this affair was brought to Syracuse
Unto the Grandfather, how that the child
Was stolen and the Father dead with grief,
The good old man changes the other's name,
So much he loved the one that had been stolen :
Him that was left at home he calls Menæchmus,
Which was the other's name ; and by the same
The grandsire too was called ; I do remember it

More readily, for that I saw him cried.
 I now forewarn you, lest you err hereafter,
 Both the twin brothers bear the selfsame name.

* * * * *

This Epidamnian whom I spoke of, he
 Who stole that other boy, no children had
 Except his riches, therefore he adopts
 This stranger boy, gave him a wife well-portioned,
 And makes him his sole heir, before he died.
 As he" [the Epidamnian] "was haply going to the
 country

After a heavy rain, trying to ford
 A rapid river near unto the city,
 The rapid river rap'd him off his legs
 And snatched him to destruction. A large fortune
 Fell to the youth, who now lives here : the other,
 Who dwells at Syracuse, is come to-day
 To Epidamnum with a slave of his
 In quest of his twin brother. Now this city
(*pointing to the scene*)
 Is Epidamnum while this play is acting."

Beyond this fuller representation of the matter
 set forth in the Prologue, which W. W. has
 abridged, there is nothing wanted but the play,
 as W. W. has translated it, to show the whole
 substance of the *Menæchmi* upon which Shake-
speare founded his *Comedy of Errors*.

Of Plautus—T. Maccius, called afterwards Plautus
 from the flatness of his feet—it may be said, by

the way, that he was born about 254 years before Christ, in a village of Umbria, and, like Shakespeare, of no rich family; that he went to Rome as Shakespeare went to London; that he earned money by working as a servant to the actors; went away and lost his money in a business of his own; came back to Rome and ground corn for a baker to get bread for himself, while he wrote three comedies, which were bought by the managers of public games, and of which the success drew him from menial work. He probably began his career as a comic poet at the age of thirty, in the year 224 before Christ, and continued to write until his death at the age of about seventy, in the year before Christ 184. He belongs to the first days of Latin Literature.

Terence became famous twenty years after his death, when still the name of Plautus was a name to conjure with, and plays were ascribed to him to give them currency. There were ascribed to him not fewer than one hundred and twenty plays, of which twenty-one were his undoubtedly, and nineteen more or less doubtfully ascribed to him, the rest being certainly by other writers. Plautus was full of fun. His plots were farcical, his *dialogues diffusely whimsical*. He has a kindly

feeling for the slaves in his pieces—gives them wit and sense. It is a slave who solves the riddle at the end of the *Menæchmi*. His plays, of course, reflect the condition of the early Roman civilisation, which in many points was wanting in refinement, as may be inferred from the fact that the wife's place in it had little honour. In the *Menæchmi* the husband is carrying away a dress of his wife's (W. W. makes it a "riding habit") to give to a courtesan, and offers it to the courtesan as *Induvie tue, atque uxoris exuvie, rosa*.

Not only is all this put away by Shakespeare, but the reader who takes the trouble to compare the matter of the Latin play, as he here can, with Shakespeare's variation on it, will find the *Comedy of Errors* to be really an original piece founded upon Plautus. Shakespeare follows Plautus in all the fun of the cross purposes, but doubles them by giving the twin brothers twin slaves equally resembling one another. The fun of the two Dromios is all Shakespeare's. The *Comedy of Plautus* was a farce, and Shakespeare's is yet more farcical in its confusion, while it is a great deal more poetical. *The chain that takes place of the dress was a chain ordered by the husband for the wife, that*

is only diverted for a time towards the courtesan when the husband resents having his own doors locked against him by his wife, as it seemed. But the chain goes to the wife, and the wife herself is represented full of love and tenderness in her jealousy. There is no honour lost to womanhood by Shakespeare's treatment of the story. The wife's sister, who becomes wife to the other Antipholus, is added by Shakespeare to the completeness and the charm of the whole story. The father and mother appear on the scene in *Ægeon* and *Æmilia* with poetical effect, and help also to lift the play above the level of Plautus. Shakespeare, like Plautus, is writing a farce that shall run merrily. There is mirth in his action. Full of the high spirits of eight-and-twenty, he heaps jest upon jest, high above the good measure of the *Menæchmi* as Plautus wrote it; and he puts into it all that finer touch of the poet's sense of life which is in the *Menæchmi* absent. Plautus, too, had his humanities; witness his fellow-feeling for the slave. But there is a wide difference between Shakespeare's *Adriana* and Plautus's *Mulier Uxor*. There is the Shakespeare of the future in his *Comedy of Errors*, though it is no more than a

merry jest, like the original by which it was suggested. Let any one observe the raising of the tone of the old Latin comedy, the wealth of new invention that makes the *Comedy of Errors* virtually an original play, and the heaping up of gay extravagance that is nevertheless set to the true music of life, and he will find much profit in the comparison of what Shakespeare wrote in the full flush of his young life with what Plautus probably had written in his age.

H. M.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.	<i>A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.</i>
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.	<i>A Merchant trading with Angelo.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,	{ <i>Twin Brothers, Sons to Ægeon and Emilia, but unknown to each other.</i>
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,	
DROMIO of Ephesus,	{ <i>Twin Brothers, Attendants on the two Antipholuses.</i>
DROMIO of Syracuse,	
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.	<i>Emilia, Wife to Ægeon.</i>
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.	<i>ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.</i>
	<i>LUCEANA, her Sister.</i>
	<i>LUCE, Servant to Adriana.</i>
	<i>A Courtesan.</i>
	<i>Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.</i>

SCENE—EPHESUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their
 bloods,—

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
’Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke’s dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks :
Therefore, by law thou art condemned to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort ; when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan ; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus

Ege. A heavier task could not have been
imposed

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;

Yet, that the world may witness that my end

Was wrought by nature not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed

Unto a woman happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I lived in joy : our wealth increased

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself—almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear—

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrivéd where I was.

There had she not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguished but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A meaner woman was deliveréd

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon
 We came aboard :
 A league from Epidamnum had we sailed
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;
 For what obscuréd light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death,
 Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourned for fashion ignorant what to fear,
 Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means was none,—
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms :

To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxed calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off
so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ege. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight, in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdenéd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Ege. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importuned me,
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retained his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him ;

Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But there must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
marked

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudg'd to the death,
And pass'd sentence may not be recalled
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial hands :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if no, then thou art doomed to die.—

Gaoler, now take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of *Syracuse*, DROMIO of *Syracuse*, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here,
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. [*To Dromio S.*] Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time :
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now ? How chance thou art returned so
soon ?

Dro. E. Returned so soon ! rather approached
too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell ;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I
pray :

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday
last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;
The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are
out of season:

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to
me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your
foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,

Or I shall break that merry sounce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate;

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

*They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,*

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguiséd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave :
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :
A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come : if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingéd fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where ?

Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved, no marvel though she
pause ;

They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain ;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me :
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—

Here comes your man : now is your husband nigh—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; *'My gold!'* quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he:

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burned;,' 'My gold!' quoth
he:

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him
home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master
home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That 's not my fault ; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruined ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayéd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair ;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home : poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy !—fie, beat it hence !

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain :

'Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see, the jewel best enamelléd
Will lose his beauty : and though gold bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold ; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir ? is your merry humour altered ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
hence

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt,

And toldst me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou feltst I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein,
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell
me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. *[Beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make
sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
these blows long I must get a sconce for my head
and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for flouting me, and then,
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten
out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither
rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir ? for what ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time ?

Dro. S. No, sir : I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir,—what's that ?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason ?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement ?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : and what he hath scantied men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason ?

Dro. S. For two ; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, is a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porr'idge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved,
there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,
and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald
followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion.
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art thus estrangéd from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it:
I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unstained, thou undishonouréd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk ;
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother : how the world is changed
with you !

When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio ?

Dro. S. By me ?

Adr. By thee ; and this thou didst return from
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle
woman ?

What is the course and drift of your compact ?

Dro. S. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my
life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,
Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for
her theme !
What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land : O, spite of spites !
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

Dro. S. I am transforméd, master, am I not ?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dro. S. 'T is true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass ; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come ; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—*Dromio*, keep the gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks —

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised?
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your
pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all ;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say, that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
how :

*If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave
were ink,*

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick being kicked, and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an
ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray
God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

Ant. E. O Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
fish
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a
merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing
guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft, my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cock-comb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from
the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] The porter for this time, sir,
and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name :

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there ! Dromio,
who are those at the gate ?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within.*] Faith no ; he comes too late ;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord ! I must laugh.—
Have at you with a proverb :—Shall I set in my
staff ?

Luce. [*Within.*] Have at you with another :
that's—When ? can you tell ?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] If thy name be called Luce,
Luce, thou hast answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion ? you 'll let us
in, I hope ?

Luce. [*Within.*] I thought to have asked you.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] And you said, no

Dro. E. So ; come, help : well struck ! there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake ?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.

Luce. [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair
of stocks in the town ?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise ?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] By my troth, your town is
troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife ? you might have
come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave ? go get
you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome : we
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door master : bid
them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] It seems, thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone : fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so :
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me : depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;
And about evening come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalléd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in
d dwell upon your grave when you are dead :

For slander lives upon succession ;
For e'er housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed. I will depart in
quiet

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle,—
There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 't is made ;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;
For there's the house : that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour
hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some
expense. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in building grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas poor women, make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again :
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress—what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
not,
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak :
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee and there lie ;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die :
Let Love, being light, be drownéd if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still :
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*]

*Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ? where runn'st
thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ?
am I your man, am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how besides
thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir besides myself, I am due to
a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay
to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast :
not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept : for why, she sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir ; 't is in grain : Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, w^h not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made
me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus ?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine ;
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir : I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offered chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:

If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus ;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
leaseth you walk with me down to his house,
will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of
Ephesus.*

Off. That labour may you save : see where he
comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
thou

And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy
a rope ! [Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to
you :

I promised your presence and the chain ;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chained together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present
money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance, to
excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me: the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even
now.

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me or no:

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do,

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou
peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats : let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ? that is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest ? yea or no ?

Looked he or red or pale ? or sad or merrily ?

What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none : the more my
spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begged for you, he begged of
me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy
love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might
move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still :

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his
will.

He is deforméd, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :
My heart prays for him though my tongue do
curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go : the desk ! the purse ! sweet
now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than
hell :

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel ;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands :
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well ;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls
to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose
suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested
well;

But a's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that
can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]—
This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were
gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never
hear.

Dro. S. O yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant, a'
turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost
thou reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the
way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio : there's the money, bear it
straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister ; I am pressed down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of *Syracuse*.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute
me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor called me in his shop
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
—What have you quit the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost
thou mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes
in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal :
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain case : he that went,
like a bass-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir,
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob
and 'rests them ; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed

men, and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets un his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, " God give you good 'rest !" "

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark *Expedition* put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy *Delay*. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me
not !

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench : and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me,' that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoonmeat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my diamond the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio,
let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock : mistress,
that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promised me a chain :

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break
away :

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man : I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all.

Ant. E. But where 's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven

out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcomed home with it, when I return ; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat, and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, ‘ Beware the rope’s end.’

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk ? *[Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight :
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you dined at home ;

Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame ;

Ant. E. Dinéd at home ! Thou, villain, what say'st thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out ?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were locked, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did.—My bones bear
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is
possessed:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damnéd pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company! — the fiend is strong
within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he
looks!

*Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS of
Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou
gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic
too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for
you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost
thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be
mad, good master ;

Cry, the devil !

Luc. God help, poor souls ! how idly do they
talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. E.
and DRO. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose
again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call
more help,
To have them bound again

Off. Away, they'll kill us !
[*Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan,*
and Officer.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran
from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night ; they will
surely do us no harm ; you saw they speak us fair,
give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle
nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of
Syracuse.*

Ang. 'T is so ; and that self chain about his
neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly :
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me : can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had : I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine thou know'st did hear
thee.

Fie on thee, wretch, 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is
mad.—

Some get within him, take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake take
a house !

This is some priory ;—in, or we 're spoiled.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Abbey.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was ;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it :

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was
mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,—

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauced with thy up-
braidings,—

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, *his sports* were hindered by thy
brawls,—

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull-eyed melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at their heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life !
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and
wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No ; not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither : he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approvéd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband
here ;

And ill it doth besecm your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart : thou shalt not have
him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go : I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, attended ; ÆGEON bareheaded ; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady :
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street—
With him his bondman all as mad as he—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of
him,

And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars,

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress ! shift and save your self.

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
fire ;

And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool ! thy master and his man are
here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress : fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing. Guard
with halberds !

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,

That he is borne about invisible :
Even now we housed him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke ! O, grant
me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio !

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there !

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abuséd and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me
just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviséd what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats ; he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates ; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possessed. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gained my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him,

That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran in
here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of
mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After you first forswore it on the mart,

And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;

And then you fled into this abbey here,

From whence, I think, you 're come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.

I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,

As this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !

I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you housed him, here he would have been ;

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly ;—

You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here

Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege ; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—

I think you all are mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.

Haply, I see a friend will save my life

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,
sir ;

But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords :

Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. O, grief hath changed me, since you saw me last ;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not ; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares ?
Though now this grainéd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :

All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wronged. [*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me!

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the
other;—

And so of these! Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! Who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.

If thou art she,—tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I.
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother.—What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir: I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir: I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio ; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from
you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need. Thy father hath his
life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for
my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discourséd all our fortunes ;

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathizéd one day's Error

Have suffered wrong, go keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour

My heavy burden ne'er deliveréd.—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast and joy with me :
After so long grief such festivity !

Duke. With all my heart : I'll gossip at this
feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Abbess*, *ÆGEON*, *Courtesan*,
Merchant, *ANGELO*, and *Attendants*.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embarked ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master,
Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* *ANT. S.*, *ANT. E.*, *ADR.*, and *LUC*.]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner :

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That 's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior : till
then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother ;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [Exeunt.

MENECHMUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

- Two twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :
The first his father lost a litle lad,
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother.
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
That Citizens there take him for the same :
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant Error, ere they meete together.

A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED COMEDIE,
CALLED

MENECHMUS,

Taken out of the most excellent Poet Plautus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peniculus a Parasite.

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become: Namely all the vittels which are set before mee. Now in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines, who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly: my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by some subiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man *without all suspicion of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and*

ease : Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for *Menechmus*, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare : he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such gwestes as my selfe be drawne to his table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner : for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come forth.

SCENE II.

Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within.

If ye were not such a brabling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse *your husbände* in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let *her serve me* thus once more, Ile send her home to

her dad with a vengeance. I can never go forth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go ? what I do ? what busines ? what I fetch ? what I carry ? As though she were a Constable or a Toll-gatherer. I have pamperd her too much : she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well sith it is so, she shall now have some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

Peniculus.

Yea marry now comes hee to the point that prickes me : this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife ; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

Menechmus.

We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

Peniculus.

Come, what share have I in that same ?

Menechmus.

Out alas, I am taken.

Peniculus.

True, but by your friend.

Menechmus.

What, mine owne *Peniculus* ?

Peniculus.

Yours (i'faith) bodie and goods if I had any.

Menechmus.

Why thou hast a bodie.

Peniculus.

Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

Menechmus.

Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

Peniculus.

Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day ?

Menechmus.

He tell thee of a notable pranke.

Peniculus.

What did the Cooke marre your meate in the *dressing* ? would I might see the reversion.

Menechmus.

Tell me didst thou see a picture, how *Jupiters* Eagle snatcht away *Ganimede*, or how *Venus* stole away *Adonis*?

Peniculus.

Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

Menechmus.

Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Peniculus.

O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Menechmus.

Prethee say I am now a brave fellow.

Peniculus.

But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

Menechmus.

Tush, say as I bid thee man.

Peniculus.

Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Menechmus.

What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Peniculus.

Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

Menechmus.

On yet.

Peniculus.

Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how
you and your wife be fallen out.

Menechmus.

Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart
to you.

Peniculus.

Say your minde.

Menechmus.

Come farther this way from my house.

Peniculus.

So, let me heare.

Menechmus.

Nay farther yet.

Peniculus.

I warrant ye man.

* *Menechmus.*

Nay yet farther.

Peniculus.

"Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row
in a wherry.

Menechmus.

Why?

Peniculus.

Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil
least your wife should follow ye. But what's the
matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

Menechmus.

Seest thou this cloake?

Peniculus.

Not yet. Well what of it?

Menechmus.

This same I meane to give to *Erotium*.

Peniculus.

That's well, but what of all this?

Menechmus.

There I meane to have a delicious dinner pre-
pard for her and me.

Peniculus.

And me.

Menechmus.

And thee.

Peniculus.

O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore ?

Menechmus.

I knocke. But staie too *Peniculus*, let's not be too rash. Oh see she is in good time comming forth.

Peniculus.

Ah, he now lookes against the sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium.

What mine owne *Menechmus*, welcome sweete heart.

Peniculus.

And what am I, welcome too ?

Erotium.

You Sir ! ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

* *Peniculus.*

I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

Menechmus.

Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day ; we meane to drinke for the heavens : And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon the wine boll, yourselfe as captaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

Erotium.

Agreed.

Peniculus.

I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile.

Menechmus.

Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

Erotium.

Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers : what's this same ?

Menechmus.

This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

Erotium.

Mine owne *Menechmus*, well woorthie to be my deare, of all dearest.

Peniculus.

Now she shoves her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

Menechmus.

I think *Hercules* got not the garter from *Hypolita* so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

Peniculus.

Thus they must do that are right lovers: especially if they mean to be beggers with any speed

Menechmus.

I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

Peniculus.

There's tenne pounce bestowed verie thriftily.

Menechmus.

But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo!

Erotium.

It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie.

Menechmus.

Let a good dinner be made for us three. Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other dishes be as you please.

Erotium.

You shall Sir.

Menechmus.

I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, sweete *Erotium*: Come *Peniculus*.

Peniculus.

Nay I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leese my life, then fight of you till this dinner be done.

[*Exeunt.*

Erotium.

Who's there? Call me *Cylindrus* the Cooke hither.

Enter Cylindrus.

Cylindrus, take this hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings, is there not?

Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it!

Menechmus.

Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Little knowest thou *Messenio* how neare my heart it goes.

Messenio.

This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Menechmus.

Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio.

I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Wel I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking

your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne *Epidamnum*, is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold. Then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Menechmus.

Yee say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

Messenio.

Why Sir?

Menechmus.

Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cozened of it: then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

Menechmus.

I pray do so Sir: all the better.

Enter Cylindrus.

I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners : It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave *Peniculus* must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is *Menechmus* come alreadie, before I could come from the market? *Menechmus*, how do ye Sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Menechmus

God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cylindrus.

Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Menechmus.

Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

Cylindrus.

Why *Peniculus* worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.

Menechmus.

What *Peniculus*? what attendant? my attendant?
Surely this fellow is mad.

Messenio.

Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines
you should finde here ?

Cylindrus.

Menechmus, harke ye Sir, ye come too soone
backe againe to dinner, I am but returned from
the market.

Menechmus.

Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe
get the Priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou
art mad, els thou wouldst never use a stranger
thus.

Cylindrus.

Alas sir, *Cylindrus* was wont to be no stranger
to you. Know ye not *Cylindrus* ?

Menechmus.

Cylindrus, or *Coliendrus*, or what the divell thou
art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cylindrus.

I know you to be *Menechmus*.

Menechmus.

Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest
me so right ; but tell me, where hast thou knowne
me ?

Cylindrus.

Where? even here, where ye first fell in love
with my mistresse *Erotium*.

Menechmus.

I neither have lover, neither knowe I who thou
art.

Cylindrus.

Know ye not who I am? who fills your cup and
dresses your meat at our house?

Messenio.

What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to
breake the Rascals pate withal.

Menechmus.

At your house, when as I never came in *Epi-
damnum* till this day.

Cylindrus.

Oh that's true. Do ye not dwell in yonder
house?

Menechmus.

Foule shame light upon them that dwell there,
for my part.

Cylindrus.

Questionlesse, he is mad indeede, to curse himselfe
thus. Hark ye *Menechmus*.

Menechmus.

What saist thou?

Cylindrus.

If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe: for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe.

Messenio.

What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus!

Cylindrus.

Tush, he will many times jest with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Menechmus.

What's that?

Cylindrus.

This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you and your wench and snatchcrust your Parasite.

Menechmus.

What wenches? what Parasites?

Messenio.

Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

Cylindrus.

Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know.

Menechmus.

Out, drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

Cylindrus.

That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

Menechmus.

Is he gone? *Messenio* I thinke uppon thy words alreadie.

Messenio.

Tush marke I pray. Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belongs.

Menechmus.

But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Messenio.

Oh Ile tell yee. These Courtizans assoone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be,

what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister : tis best to be circumspect.

Menechmus.

I mislike not thy counsaile *Messenio*.

Messenio.

I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebody forth. Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

Enter Erotium.

Let the doore stand so. Away, it shall not be shut. Make haste within there ho : Maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under the perfuming pannes : let all things be very handsome. Where is hee that *Cylindrus* sayd stood without here ? Oh what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in ? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. *Will ye go sit downe ?*

Menechmus.

Whom doth this woman speake to?

Erotium.

Even to you Sir : to whom else should I speake ?

Menechmus.

Gentlewoman, ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

Erotium.

Yea Sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

Menechmus.

Surely *Messenio*, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to me uppon so small acquaintance.

Messenio.

Tush, did not I tell ye right ? these be but leaves that fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man ? where have you scene him ?

Erotium.

Where he sawe me, here in *Epidamnium*.

Messenio.

In *Epidamnium*? who never till this day set his
foote within the towne?

Erotium.

Go, go, flowing Jack. *Menechmus* what need all
this? I pray go in.

Menechmus.

She also calls me by my name.

Messenio.

She smells your purse.

Menechmus.

Messenio, come hither: here take my purse. He
know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Erotium.

Will ye go in to dinner, Sir?

Menechmus.

A good motion; yea, and thanks with all my
heart.

Erotium.

Never thanke me for that which you commaunded
to be provided for yourselfe.

Menechmus.

That I commaunded ?

Erotium.

Yea for you and your Parasite.

Menechmus.

My Parasite ?

Erotium.

Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Menechmus.

A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife ?

Erotium.

Tush, what needeth all this jesting ? Pray leave off.

Menechmus.

Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I ; nor never was in this place till this instant ; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

Erotium.

What ship do ye tell me off ?

Messenio.

Marry Ile tell ye : an old rotten weather-beaten

ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these sixe yeares. Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye ?

Erotium.

Come, come, *Menechmus*, I pray leave this sport-
ing and go in.

Menechmus.

Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person ; it is some other you looke for.

Erotium.

Why, thinke ye I knowe ye not to be *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Moschus*, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at *Siracusic* where *Agathocles* did raigne ; then *Pythia*, then *Liparo*, and now *Hiero*.

Menechmus.

All this is true.

Messenio.

Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

Menechmus.

Ile go in with her, *Messenio*, Ile see further of this matter.

Messenio.

Ye are cast away then.

Menechmus.

Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing; something I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode here. Ile dissemble with her another while. Nowe when you please let us go in. I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

Erotium.

Will ye staie any longer for your *Peniculus*, your Parasite?

Menechmus.

Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

Erotium.

All the better. But Sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

Menechmus.

What is that?

Erotium.

To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

Menechmus.

Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not mour

it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then Ile follow ye in. Ho, *Messenio*, come aside. Goe and provide for thyselfe and these ship boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio.

Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

Menechmus.

Peace foolish knave, seest thou not what a sot she is; I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Messenio.

Ay Maister.

Menechmus.

Wilt thou be gone?

* *Messenio.*

See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath bourded him at first enco unter. Come away fellowes.

ACT III.

Enter Peniculus.

TWENTIE yeares I thinke and more, have I plade the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow *Menechmus*, and he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden; there thrusting ourselves into the prease of the people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hanged, and all that ever came of him, 'tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day; which I thinke in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off. *Yet I meane to go see. If I can but light upon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penny-worthea.*

But how now? Is this *Menechmus* comming away from thence? Dinner done, and all dispatch? What execrable luck have I?

Enter Menechmus the Travailer.

Tush, I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

Peniculus.

He carries the cloake to the Dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but Ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first Ile harken awhile what he saith.

Menechmus.

Good goddess, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I mean shall go with me.

Peniculus.

He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what he saith. I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner.

Menechmus.

She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from

my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, tho I knew not how, I began to soothe her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while, I far'd well, and that at free cost.

Peniculus.

Well, I'll go talk with him.

Menechmus.

Who is this same that comes to me ?

Peniculus.

O, well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before, and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne ?

Menechmus.

Good fellow what meanest thou by these speeches ? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a Railers hire.

Peniculus.

I have received the injury (sure I am) already.

Menechmus.

Prethee tell me, what is thy name ?

Peniculus.

Well, well mock on Sir, mock on ; doo ye not know my name ?

Menechmus.

In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

Peniculus.

Awake, *Menechmus*, awake ; ye oversleepe your selfe.

Menechmus.

I am awake, I know what I say.

Peniculus.

Know you not *Peniculus* ?

Menechmus.

Peniculus or *Pediculus*, I know thee not.

Peniculus.

Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to *Erotium* ?

Menechmus.

Neither have I wife, neither gave I my cloake to *Erotium*, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

Peniculus.

Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Menechmus.

Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Peniculus.

Will I say it? yea I will stand to it.

Menechmus.

Away filthie mad drivell away; I will talke no longer with thee.

Peniculus.

Not a world of men shall staie me, but Ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me. I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

Menechmus.

It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meets me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

Enter Ancilla, Erotium's mayd.

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyar,

she also desireth you to take this chaine with you,
and put it to mending at the Goldsmymes, she
would have two or three ounces of gold more in it,
and the fashion amended.

Menechmus.

Either this or any thing else within my power
tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

Ancilla.

Do ye know this chaine, Sir ?

Menechmus.

Yea I know it to be gold.

Ancilla.

This is the same you once tooke out of your
wives casket.

Menechmus.

Who, did I ?

Ancilla.

Have you forgotten ?

Menechmus.

I never did it.

Ancilla.

Give it me againe then.

Menechmus.

Tarry : yes I remember it : 'tis it I gave your mistress.

Ancilla.

Oh, are you advised ?

Menechmus.

Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise ?

Ancilla.

I never knew of anie.

Menechmus.

Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

Ancilla.

Well Sir, Ile tell her this shall be done ?

Menechmus.

I, I, tell her so, she shall have the cloake and this both together.

Ancilla.

I pray, *Menechmus* but a litle jewell for my eare to making for me : ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.

Menechmus.

I will, give me the golde, Ile paie for the workmanship.

Ancilla.

Laie out for me ; Ile paie it ye againe.

Menechmus.

Alas I have none now.

Ancilla.

When you have, will ye ?

Menechmus.

I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, Ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone ? Doo not all the Gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke ? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may thinke I am gone that way. * I wil now goe see if I can finde my man *Messenio*, that I may tell him how I have sped.

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ACT IV.

*Enter Mulier, the Wife of Menechmus the Citizen,
and Peniculus.*

Mulier.

THINKES he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have, to give his Trulles?

Peniculus.

Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloake to the Dyars. And see I pray, where the garland lyes; this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mulier.

What shall I do now?

Peniculus.

What? that which ye ever do; bayt him for life.

Mulier.

Surely I think it best so.

Peniculus.

Stay, wee will stand aside a little; ye shall catch him unawares.

*Enter Menechmus the Citizen.**Menechmus.*

It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scan'd there is he outfaste, and overlaide with countenance: if a rich man never so vile a wretch, comes to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine owne part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will: for taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintaunce, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am sore afraid *Erotium* thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long; yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day.

Peniculus.

How thinke ye by that?

Mulier.

I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse
me.

Menechmus.

I will hie me thither.

Mulier.

Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough ; no bodie
sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

Menechmus.

How now wife, what ail yee ? what is the matter ?

Mulier.

Aske yee mee whats the matter ? Fye uppon
thee.

Peniculus.

Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate
so sore ? to him, I say.

Menechmus.

Pray wife why are ye so angry with me ?

Mulier.

Oh, you know not ?

Peniculus.

He knows, but he would dissemble it.

Menechmus.

What is it ?

Mulier.

My cloake.

Menechmus.

Your cloake !

Mulier.

My cloake, man ; why do ye blush ?

Peniculus.

He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do you remember ? To him, I say.

Menechmus.

Hold thy peace, *Peniculus.*

Peniculus.

Ha, hold my peace ; looke ye he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

Menechmus.

I neither becken nor winke on him.

Mulier.

Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

Menechmus.

Why what aile ye, woman ?

Mulier.

Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant ?

Menechmus.

I protest unto before all the Goddes (is not this inough) that I becond not on him.

Peniculus.

Oh Sir, this is another matter : touch him in the former cause.

Menechmus.

What former cause ?

Peniculus.

The cloake, man, the cloake : fetch the cloake againe from the Dyars.

Menechmus.

What cloake ?

Mulier.

Nay Ile say no more, sith ye know nothing of your owne doings.

Menechmus.

Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you ? Let me know.

Mulier.

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

Mulier

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

You are fallen out with some of your friends.

Mulier.

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

Sure I am, I have not offended you.

Mulier.

No, you have dealt verie honestly.

Menechmus.

Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words. Tell me, are ye not well?

Peniculus.

What, shall he flatter ye now?

Menechmus.

I sprak not to thee, knave. Good wife, come
hither.

Mulier.

Away, away ; keep your hands off.

Peniculus.

So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me ; when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me. Alas you knew not me even now.

Menechmus.

Why asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together.

Peniculus.

Who ever heard one so impudent ! Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me believe I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not !

Menechmus.

Of a truth, since we went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

Peniculus.

Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye *think* I would not cry quittance with you : yes *faith* : I have told your wife all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou told her ?

Peniculus.

I cannot tell : ask her ?

Menechmus.

Tell me, wife, what hath he told ye of me ? Tell me, I say ; what was it ?

Mulier.

As though you knew not my cloake is stolne from me ?

Menechmus.

Is your cloake stolne from ye ?

Mulier.

Do ye aske me ?

Menechmus.

If I knew, I would not aske.

Peniculus.

O craftie companion ! how he would shift the matter ? Come, come, deny it not : I tell ye. I have bewrayd all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou bewrayd ?

Mulier.

Seeing ye will yield to nothing, be manifest, heare mee, and ye shall know words both the cause of my griefe, hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne

Menechmus.

My cloake is stolne from me ?

Peniculus.

Looke how he cavils : she saith it is her.

Menechmus.

I have nothing to say to thee ; I say

Mulier.

I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of

Menechmus.

Who stole it ?

Mulier.

He knowes best that carried it away

Menechmus.

Who was that ?

Mulier.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

"Twas very ill done of him. What *Menechmus* was that?

Mulier.

You.

Menechmus.

I, who will say so?

Mulier.

I will.

Peniculus.

And I, that you gave it to *Erotium*.

Menechmus.

I gave it?

Mulier.

You.

Peniculus.

You, you, you: shall we fetch a kennel of beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

Menechmus.

Heare me one word, wife. I protest unto you by all the Gods, I gave it her not: indeed I lent it her to use a while.

Mulier.

Faith Sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores. Methinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine owne garments as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

Menechmus.

You shall have it againe without faile.

Mulier.

'Tis best for you that I have : otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Peniculus.

Hark ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge ?

Mulier.

I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

Peniculus.

God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischief on ye all. (Exit.

Menechmus.

My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who wil shut me in. Now will I entreate *Erotium* to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wives mouth withal; and then will I provide a better for her. Ho, who is within there? Some bodie tell *Erotium* I must speake with her.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium.

Who calls?

Menechmus.

Your friend more then his owne.

Erotium.

O *Menechmus*, why stand ye here? pray come in.

Menechmus.

Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

Erotium.

Say your minde.

Menechmus.

Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you that I

may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her : and I promise you, Ile give ye an other worth two of it.

Erotium.

Why I gave it you to carry to your Dyars ; and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

Menechmus.

Gave mee the cloake and your chaine ? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

Erotium.

Ah then, Sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both. Did I therefore put yee in trust ? Well, well.

Menechmus.

To defraude ye ? No : but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

Erotium.

Why, Sir, I asked them not ; ye brought them of youre owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them, you and your wife together. Thinke ye I esteeme them or

you either? Goe; come to mee againe when I send for you.

Menechmus.

What so angry with mee, sweete *Erotium*? Staie, I pray staie.

* *Erotium.*

Staie? Faith no Sir: thinke yee I will staie at your request?

Menechmus.

What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very bench-whistler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I were best go trie some other friends, and ask counsaile what to do.

ACT V.

Enter Menechmus the Traveller, Mulier

Menechmus.

Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to *Messenio*, whom I can no where find. I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

Mulier.

I marvaile that my husband comes not yet ; but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

Menechmus.

I muse where the knave should be.

Mulier.

I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour. Oh Sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders. Are ye not ashamed to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse ?

Menechmus.

How now ! what lackes this woman ?

Mulier.

Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it?
For shame hold thy peace.

Menechmus.

What offence have I done, woman, that I should
not speake to you?

Mulier.

Askest thou what offence? O shameless bold-
nesse!

Menechmus.

Good woman, did ye never heare why the
Grecians termed *Hecuba* to be a bitch?

Mulier.

Never.

Menechmus.

Because she did as you do now; on whom soever
she met withall, she railed, and therefore well
deserved that dogged name.

Mulier.

These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never
endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my
dying day.

Menechmus.

What care I whether thou livest as a widow, or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none, but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches.

Mulier.

What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather then suffer thy vile dealings.

Menechmus.

Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

Mulier.

Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashamde?

Menechmus.

Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge me with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde.

Mulier.

Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? *Vecio* go runne quickly to my father; desire him of all love to come over

quickly to my house. Ile tell him first of your pranks ; I hope he will not see me thus handled.

Menechmus.

What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vex me ?

Mulier.

I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes

Menechmus.

For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not. I know her as much as I know *Hercules* wives father.

Mulier.

Do ye not know me ? That's well. I hope ye know my father : here he comes. Looke do ye know him ?

Menechmus.

As much as I knew *Calcas* of *Troy*. Even him and thee I know both alike.

Mulier.

Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father ?

Menechmus.

Faith, nor thy grandfather neither.

Mulier.

This is like the rest of your behaviour.

Enter Senex.

Senex.

Though bearing so great a burthen as olde age,
I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe
to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest
businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste,
not telling the cause why I should come. But I
durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I
suppose it is some brabble between her husband
and her. These yoong women that bring great
dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and
obstinate, that they will have their owne wils in
everie thing, and make men servants to their weake
affections: and yoong men too, I must needs say,
be naught now a dayes. Well Ile go see, but
yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her
husband too. Oh tis even as I gessed

Mulier.

Father, ye are welcome.

Senex.

How now daughter? What? is all well; why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in fault?

Mulier.

First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, that I can by no meanes endure this bad man to die for it; and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

Senex.

What is the matter?

Mulier.

He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

Senex.

Who doth?

Mulier.

This good husband here, to whom you married me.

Senex.

See, see; how oft have I warn'd you of falling out with your husband?

Mulier.

I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me.

Senex.

I alwaies told ye, ye must beare with him, ye must let him alone ; ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort.

Mulier.

Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose

Senex.

He is wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

Mulier.

There he feastes and banquetts, and spendes and spoiles.

Senex.

Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

Mulier.

Father will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me ?

Senex.

Not so, daughter ; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

Menechmus.

I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

Senex.

Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you.

Mulier.

But he filcheth away my apparrell and my jewels, to give to his trulles.

Senex.

If he doth so, tis verie ill done ; if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mulier.

You may believe me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

Senex.

Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tel me *Menechmus*, how is it that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad, man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Menechmus.

Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high *Jove*, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, *whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne*

from her, it is utterly false and untrue ; and if ever I set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me.

Senex.

Why fond man, art thou mad, to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest ?

Menechmus.

Do I dwell in that house ?

Senex.

Doest thou denie it ?

Menechmus.

I do.

Senex.

Harke yee daughter ; are ye remooved out of your house ?

Mulier.

Father he useth you as he doth me : this life I have with him.

Senex.

Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse ; ye jest too perversly with your friends.

Menechmus.

Good old father, what I pray have you to do

with me , or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world ?

Mulier.

Father, marke I pray how his eies sparkle : they rowle in his head ; his colour goes and comes : he lookes wildly. See, see.

Menechmus.

What ? they say now I am mad : the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so shall I be rid of them.

Mulier.

Looke how he stares about ! how he gapes.

Senex.

• Come away daughter : come from him.

Menechmus.

Bachus, Appollo, Phæbus, do yee call mee to come hunt in the woods with you ? I see, I heare, I come, I flie ; but I cannot get out of these fields. Here is an olde mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee ; and by her standes an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poore man.

Senex.

Out upon him Bedlam foole.

Menechmus.

Harke, *Appollo* commaunds me that I shoulde
rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

Mulier.

O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

Menechmus.

Good Gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubt-
lesse they are mad themselves.

Senex.

Daughter.

Mulier.

Here father : what shall we do ?

Senex.

What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him
arried in before he do any harme.

Menechmus.

How now ? they will carry me in if I looke not
to my selfe : I were best to skare them better yet.
Doest thou bid me, *Phæbus*, to teare this dog in
peeeces with my nayles ? If I laie hold on him, I
will do thy commandment.

Senex.

Get thee into thy house, daughter ; away quickly.

Menechmus.

She is gone : yea *Appollo*, I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee ; and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

Senex.

Come not neare me, Sirra.

Menechmus.

Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, and then will I barrell up his bowels.

Senex.

Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt.

Menechmus.

Many things thou commandest me, *Appollo* : wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the chariot, and I have hold on the raines : here is my whip ; hait ; come ye wilde jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping : hait, I say : will ye not go ?

Senex.

What ? doth he threaten me with his horses ?

Menechmus.

Harke! now *Appollo* bids me ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my chariot by the haire of my head. O shall I not fulfill *Appolloes* commandment?

Senex.

See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a Physitian strait, before he grow too farre into this rage.

[*Exit.*

Menechmus.

Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship: tis time to be gone from hence. [*Exit.*

Enter Senex and Medicus.

Senex.

My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlatch comes.

Medicus.

What disease hath hee, said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie. or dropsie?

Senex.

Wherefore I pray do I bring you, but that you should tell me what it is, and cure him of it?

Medicus.

Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him, I warrant ye. Oh here he comes. Staie let us marke what he doth.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my *Uliesses* that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live no longer but Ile be revengde uppon the life of him. His life? nay, tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slave's life from him. And *Erotium* shee plainly sheweth what she is; who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

Senex.

Do you heare him?

Medicus.

He complaines of his fortune.

Senex.

Go to him.

Medicus.

Menechmus, how do ye, man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme, I pray.

Menechmus.

Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

Medicus.

Sir, can you smell anie thing?

Menechmus.

I smell a prating dolt of thee.

Medicus.

Oh, I will have your head througly purged. Pray tell me *Menechmus*, what use you to drinke? white wine, or claret?

Menechmus.

What the civell carest thou?

Senex.

Looke, his fit now begins.

Menechmus.

Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Senex.

See what idle talke he falleth into.

Medicus.

Tarry : I will aske him further. *Menechmus*, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Menechmus.

What, doest thinke I am an Owle?

Medicus.

Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

Menechmus.

When I am hungrie they do, else not.

Medicus.

He speakes not like a madman in that. Sleepe ye soundly all night?

Menechmus.

When I have paid my debts I do. The mischief light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions.

Medicus.

Oh now he rageth upon those words : take heed.

Senex.

Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

Menechmus.

Did I ?

Senex.

Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst : I know what I say.

Menechmus.

I say, thou stolest *Jupiters* crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke that I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you as you do of me ?

Senex.

Maister Doctor, pray heartily make speede to cure him. See you not how mad he waxeth ?

Medicus.

Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there I will cure him.

Senex.

Is that best ?

Medicus.

What else ? there I can order him as I list.

Senex.

Well, it shall be so.

Medicus.

Oh Sir, I will make you take neesing powder this twentie dayes.

Menechmus.

Ile beate yee first with a bastinado this thirtie dayes.

Medicus.

Fetch men to carry him to my house.

Senex.

How many will serve the turne ?

Medicus.

Being no madder than he is now, foure will serve.

Senex.

Ile fetch them. Staie you with him, Maister Doctor.

Medicus.

No by my faith : Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

Senex.

I go.

[*Exeunt.*

Menechmus.

Are they both gone ? Good Gods what meaneth this ? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know them. Well, what were I now best to do ? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me foorth a doores. *Erotium* is farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening : I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

Enter Messenio the Travellers servant.

Messenio.

The prooffe of a good servant, is to regard his *maisters businesse* as well in his absence as in his *presence* ; and I thinke him a verie foole that is

not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a careful regard of my backe and shoulders; for in truth I have no fancie to these blowes, as many a one hath. Methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together. I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels; and am now coming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me he is overplunged. Pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

Enter Senex, with foure Lorarii, Porters.

Senex.

Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you Sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you: if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him: why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up, and bring him to the Physitians house: I will go thither before.

[Exit.

Menechmus.

What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye me? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, citizens!

Messenio.

O *Jupiter*, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Menechmus.

Is there no good man will helpe me?

Messenio.

Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. Ile clout these peasants: out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

Menechmus.

I have hold of this villaines eie.

Messenio.

Pull it out, and let the place appear in his head.
Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murtherers.

Lo. Omnes.

O, O, ay ; crie pittifullie.

Messenio.

Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, Ile give thee somewhat more, take that. It was time to come maister ; you had bene in good case, if I had not bene heere now. I tolde you what would come of it.

Menechmus.

Now as the Gods love me, my good friend I thank thee : thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

Messenio.

I'll tell ye how Sir ; give me my freedome.

Menechmus.

Should I give it thee ?

Messenio.

Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Menechmus.

Thou art deceived, man.

Messenio.

Wherein ?

Menechmus.

On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister ; I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

Messenio.

Why then bid me be free : will you ?

Menechmus.

Yea surelie : be free, for my part.

Messenio.

O sweetly spoken ; thanks my good maister.

Servus alius.

Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

Messenio.

O maister, Ile call you maister still. I praise use me in anie service as ye did before. Ile dwell with you still ; and when ye go home, Ile wait upon you.

Menechmus.

Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Messenio.

Ile go strait to the Inne, and deliver up my

accounts, and all your stuffe. Your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Menechmus.

Do, fetch it.

Messenio.

I will.

Menechmus.

I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie. Well, if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor, saie I am mad: who ever sawe such strange demeanors. Well though *Erotium* be never so angrie, yet once againe Ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [Exit.

Enter Menechmus the Traveller, and Messenio.

Menechmus.

Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messenio.

Ye make me starke mad : I tooke ye away, and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up ; you cried Helpe, helpe. I came running to you : you and I together beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave me my freedome : I tolde ye I would go fetch your casket : now in the meane time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Menechmus.

I gave thee thy freedome ?

Messenio.

You did.

Menechmus.

When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bond-man my selfe ; go thy wayes.

Messenio.

Whewe, marry I thanke for nothing.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts aka,

and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Messenio.

O heavens, maister, what do I see ?

Menechmus Tra.

What ?

Messenio.

Your ghoast.

Menechmus Tra.

What ghoast ?

Messenio.

Your image, as like you as can be possible.

Menechmus Tra.

Surely not much unlike me, as I thinke.

Menechmus Cit.

O my good friend and helper, well met ; thanks for thy late good helpe.

Messenio.

Sir, may I crave to know your name ?

Menechmus Cit.

I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing ; my name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Tra.

Nay my friend, that is my name.

Menechmus Cit.

I am of *Syracusis* in *Sicilia*.

Menechmus Tra.

So am I.

Messenio.

Are you a *Syracusan*?

Menechmus Cit.

I am.

Messenio.

Oho, I know ye: this is my maister: I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him. Pray pardon me Sir, if I said any thing I should not.

Menechmus Tra.

Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Messenio.

My faith he saies true. This is my maister, you may go looke ye a man. God save ye maister: you Sir, farewell. This is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

say, that I am *Menechmus*.

Messenio.

What a jest is this? Are you *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Even *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Moschus*.

Menechmus Tra.

My father's sonne?

Menechmus Cit.

Friend, I go about neither to take your father
nor your country from you.

Messenio.

O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope; and
for my life these two are the two Twinnes, all
things agree so jump together. I will speak to my
maister. *Menechmus.*

Both.

What wilt thou?

Messenio.

I call you not both: but which of you came
with me from the ship?

Menechmus Cit.

Not I.

Menechmus Tra.

I did.

Messenio.

Then I call you. Come hither.

Menechmus Tra.

What's the matter?

Messenio.

This same is either some notable cousening juggler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other: water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker than he is to you.

Menechmus Tra.

Indeed I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messenio.

Well, let me about it. Heare ye Sir; you say your name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

I do.

Messenio.

So is this man's. You are of *Syracusa*?

Menechmus Cit.

True.

Messenio.

So is he. *Moscus* was your father?

Menechmus Cit.

He was.

Messenio.

So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Menechmus Cit.

I would thinke it happie newes.

Messenio.

Nay staie maisters both: I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answer me: your name is *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea.

Messenio.

And yours?

Menechmus Tra.

And mine.

Messenio.

You are of *Syracusa*?

Menechmus Cit.

I am.

Menechmus Tra.

And I.

Messenio.

Well this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

Menechmus Cit.

How I went with my father to *Turentum*, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

Menechmus Tra.

O *Jupiter*!

Messenio.

Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Menechmus Cit.

About seven yeare old: for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time I never heard of anie of my kindred.

Messenio .

Had ye never a brother?

Menechmus Cit.

Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two Twinnes.

Menechmus Tra.

O Fortune!

Messenio.

Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Menechmus Cit.

Nay, (as I think) they called my brother, *Sosicles*.

Menechmus Tra.

It is he, what need further prooffe? O brother, brother, let me embrace thee!

Menechmus Cit.

Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad: but how is it that ye are called *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Tra.

When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my father's name) chaungde mine to *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let

me aske ye one question more: what was our mother's name?

Menechmus Tra.

Theusimarche.

Menechmus Cit.

Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

Menechmus Tra.

I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

Messenio.

See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was that the gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Menechmus Cit.

True it is I willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning; and I also brought hither closely, a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

Menechmus Tra.

Is not this the same, brother?

Menechmus Cit.

How came you by this?

Menechmus Tra.

This woman met me; had me in to dinner; entertained me most kindly; and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

Menechmus Cit.

Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I believe I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messenio.

You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Menechmus Cit.

Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to *Messenio*: he is worthie of it.

Menechmus Tra.

I am content.

Messenio.

Io Tryumphe.

Menechmus Tra.

Brother, will ye now go with me to *Syracusia*?

Menechmus Cit.

So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in *Epidamnum*, I will go with you.

Menechmus Tra.

Thanks, my good brother.

Menechmus Cit.

Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

Messenio.

A fit office. Come on. O yes.
What day shall your sale be?

Menechmus Cit.

This day sennight.

Messenio.

All men, women and children in *Epidamnus*, or elsewhere, that will repaire to *Menechmus* house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell; servaunts, household stuffe, house, ground and all; so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too Sir?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea, but I think no bodie will bid money for her.

Messenio.

Thus, Gentlemen, we take our leaves, and if we have pleasde, we require a *Plaudite*.

—

THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING

WITH "ARIODANTES AND GEN-
EVRA," WHICH IN ALL PROBA-
BILITY INFLUENCED SHAKE-
SPEARE IN WRITING THIS PLAY

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.

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INTRODUCTION.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING was first printed in quarto in the year 1600. In the register of the Stationers' Company on the 23rd of August, together with the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, it was entered to Andrew Wyse and William Aspley, for whom it was printed by Valentine Sims in the same year 1600. Meres's list of 1598 does not include *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the *Henry IV.* included in that list may have been only the First Part. The Second Part of *Henry IV.*, therefore, may have been written between 1598 and 1600, followed within the same period by *Much Ado about Nothing* and *Henry V.* Of *Henry V.* we have internal evidence that it was finished between April and September, 1599. These plays, therefore, evidently lie together in Shakespeare's course of work.

The chief characters in Shakespeare's comedy are Benedick and Beatrice; but the story of Hero, with which they are interwoven, provides all the action. There is, as we shall find, good reason for this in Shakespeare's conception of the play. The story of Hero is taken, with Shakespeare's variations, from a tale that had been current in literature. Matteo Bandello, born at Castelnovo in 1480, began his work in life as a Dominican friar, and travelled with an uncle who was general of the order. He retired to France after the battle of Pavia in 1525, when he had been ruined by the foreign conquests in Italy. He was Bishop of Agen from 1550 to 1555, keeping the place warm till a minor came of age, and then retiring in his favour. Bandello

amused himself with the writing of short stories then called novels, and the first collection of them was published in 1554 when his age was seventy-four, and he still held the bishopric. He was a poet, and a good Greek scholar; and he died at the age of eighty-one in 1561. Among his novels was a tale, the twenty-second in his series of two hundred and fourteen, wherein the Signor Scipione Attalano narrates how the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, being with the King Piero (that is Pedro) of Aragon in Messina, fell in love with Fenicia Lionata, and the various and fortunate accidents that happened before he took her for his wife. There is no known translation of this tale; but before 1600 there was in England a great demand for novels translated from the Italian. Bandello himself may have borrowed the ground plan of his tale from Ariosto, whose story of Ariodantes and Geneura, beginning towards the close of the fourth canto of his "Orlando Furioso," extends over the fifth canto and into the beginning of the sixth. That part of the "Orlando Furioso" had been first published in 1515, nearly forty years before Bandello wrote his tale. We may regard, therefore, the story of the fraud practised against Hero as having its origin from Ariosto, in 1515, from whom Spenser adapted it as—in the abused lover—an image of intemperate haste, in the Second Book of his "Faerie Queene," the Book of Temperance. The tale of the Squire who was brought to mischief through Occasion, and made the victim of Furor, begins at the eighteenth stanza of the fourth canto of Spenser's Book of Temperance. Here, as in Ariosto and in Bandello, the deceiver is not a hard-natured Don John, as Shakespeare wisely represents, but a bosom friend who slips into falsehood through a secret rivalry in love. Shakespeare's Hero is Spenser's Claribella, *Shakespeare's Margaret is Spenser's Pryene, Don John is "Philemon, false faytour Philemon," and Claudio is Phedon; but Phedon in mad fury slew Claribella, poisoned*

Philemon, and was chasing Pryene when Guyon, the knight of Temperance, saved him from Fury. And when he had told his tale

"Said Guyon, Squire, sore have ye been diseased,
But all your hurts may soon through Temperance be eased."

Spenser took his tale from Ariosto, but one or two touches in it suggest that he may also have read Bandello, the dates of the several versions being, Ariosto, 1515; Bandello, 1554; Spenser, 1590. At a time when all the polite world of England read Italian tales, it is not unlikely that Shakespeare thought it worth while to pick up as much Italian as would enable him also to read them, but Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto appeared in 1591, a year after the publication of the first three cantos of the "*Faerie Queen*." At the close of this volume the reader will find, in the excellent modern version of William Stewart Rose, the tale as told by Ariosto.

Bandello's tale was Ariosto's "*Ariodantes and Geneura*," translated into an Italian prose romance of daily life, according to the custom of that skilful story-teller. It was Bandello's custom to connect incidents of his stories in a definite way with places and persons, and with actual historical events, which gave them an air of exact record; he was ingenious also in the invention of details that filled in the outline of his story and served well to realise its incidents. It was from Bandello only that Shakespeare could have taken Messina as the scene of his tale, Leonato as the name of Hero's father, and brought in Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon. This particular tale of Bandello's has not come down to us in an old translation, and there is no modern translation of it, but Bandello's stories were familiar in England. The "*Tragical Discourses*" written out of French and Latin by *Geoffrey Fenton*, and published in 1567, were praised by his friend *George Turberville* (who himself versified "*Tragical*

Tales"), for helping to bring Bandello home to English readers.

"Now men of meanest skill what Bandel wrought may view,
And tell the tale in English well that erst they never knew,
Discourse of sundry strange and tragical affairs,
Of loving ladies, hapless haps, their deaths and deadly cares."

The "tragical affair" of Hero is, however, treated as fortunate by Bandello, for its happy ending. Much abridged in my translation, it runs thus:

In the year 1282, the Sicilians, weary of French rule, with unheard-of cruelty, killed in one day at the hour of vespers all the French who were in Isola. Every Sicilian lady who was expected to give birth to the child of a French father was pitilessly slain, whence the sad name of the Sicilian Vespers. When the King Pedro of Aragon learnt this, he came suddenly in arms and seized rule over Isola, which the Pope Nicholas III. had told him was his by right of his wife Constance, daughter of King Manfred. King Charles of Anjou who had rule over Naples came then by sea with a very great force to drive Pedro out of Sicily, and there was a great battle in which King Charles was defeated and taken prisoner. Then, for the better attention to war matters, King Pedro established his queen at Messina, because Messina was opposite to Italy, and there was ready passage thence into Calabria.

Shakespeare omits, as beside his purpose, these definite details; but if we choose to supply them from Bandello, the date of Shakespeare's play is in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and the victory from which King Pedro with Claudio and Benedick are returning is the victory over Charles of Anjou. Having fixed a historical date *for his tale*, Bandello goes on to his story. King Pedro held at Messina a brilliant court, and in rejoicing for the *victory there were jousts and dances*. A gentleman high

in King Pedro's favour for his conduct in the war, the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, fell deeply in love with the daughter of Lionato de' Lionati, a gentleman of Messina. Shakespeare makes Lionato Governor of Messina. Bandoello represented him as a gentleman of the best ancestry, decayed in fortune, living in a large palace, of which part was left unoccupied. Lionato's daughter, loved by Signor Timbreo, was named Fenicia—rightly so named, it is said in the close, because she was a Phoenix. Shakespeare calls her Hero. Signor Timbreo had received many marks of his king's favour; he had made him Count of Collisano, and given him other possessions, so that he had an income of twelve thousand ducats, besides his pension from the King. Claudio, Shakespeare's Signor Timbreo, also is a Count, much favoured by his Prince.

Signor Timbreo began to pass every day before the house of Fenicia, counting himself happy on the day in which he saw her. He was well dressed and handsome, and she looked on him with pleasure. He sent her letters, but she did not answer them, reserving all her kindness for her future husband. Then he resolved to ask her of her father. He confided his purpose to a gentleman of Messina, from whom Messer Lionato heard with great pleasure the offer of Signor Timbreo, and communicated it to his wife and his daughter Fenicia, to whom also the offer was extremely pleasing. It was soon known throughout Messina that Signor Timbreo di Cardona was to marry Fenicia, daughter of Messer Lionato de' Lionati, who injured nobody and helped others as far as he was able. He had won general goodwill in Messina, and the news of his daughter's match gave pleasure throughout the town.

There was in Messina another young cavalier of noble family, the Signor Gironde Olerio Valensiano, who had shown courage in the war, and lived in splendour at the court. He had infinite ill-will to the new engagement.

because he had himself fallen in love with Fenicia, and thought he should die unless he had her for his wife. When he heard of her engagement before he had himself spoken to her father, he allowed himself to be carried away into the doing of an action shameful not to a gentleman only, but to any man. He had been Signor Timbreo's comrade in the wars, and was bound to him in a brotherly friendship; but of their love one had not spoken to the other. Signor Gironde thought to sow such discord between Signor Timbreo and his beloved that the promise of marriage would be broken; and in that case, when he himself asked her of her father for a wife, he hoped to have her.

Signor Gironde found a light and evil-minded youth of the court fit for his purpose, carefully instructed him, and sent him next morning to Signor Timbreo, who had not yet come abroad, but was walking in the garden of his inn. The youth said that he had come so early to communicate a matter of the highest importance, which he ought not to conceal. He heard yesterday that Timbreo had agreed with Lionato for a marriage with his daughter Fenicia. Let him be careful what he did, and have regard to his honour. "A gentleman, a friend of mine," said the youth, "visits her two or three nights a week, and is going to her this evening. If you give me your word that you will not attack me or my friend, I will place you where you shall see all. My service due to you for many kindnesses obliges me to make this known. It is enough for me that I have done my duty." Signor Timbreo, all amazed, expressed eternal obligations to the youth, and pledged his faith that he would do no violence if taken where he might see all the truth with his own eyes. At last the youth bade him come at three o'clock that night to the ruined *part of Messer Lionato's house that was beside the garden, and he should be set to watch.* The youth then departed, *and went in search of the perfidious Gironde, to whom he*

told all that he had arranged with Signor Timbreo. Gironde took then one of his servants whom he had taught what he should do, put on him an honourable dress, and scented him with sweet perfumes. The servant went with the youth who had spoken with Signor Timbreo, followed by another with a ladder on his shoulders.

Who could tell how Signor Timbreo had felt through all this day? The too credulous and unfortunate gentleman, blinded by the veil of jealousy, had eaten little or nothing; and whoever looked in his face would have thought him more dead than alive. Half an hour before his time he was at the appointed place among the ruins, from which he could see all. The night was not dark, but very still. He heard steps approaching. As the three passed him he heard the one who was perfumed as a lover say to him who carried the ladder, "Take care that you place the ladder silently. When we came last, Fenicia said that you put it up with too much noise." These words went like sharp swords to the heart of Signor Timbreo. He was unarmed, and they were armed; but the gnawing of jealousy almost forced him to rush out upon the man whom he believed to be Fenicia's lover. The three went to a window in Lionato's house, planted the ladder noiselessly against a balcony, he who represented the lover mounted, and went inside the house. Timbreo thought all proved. His love for Fenicia changed to hate. He would see her no more, and went back to his inn. The youth saw him depart, and made a sign to the disguised servant, who came down the ladder again. Then they all went to the house of Signor Gironde, who rejoiced at the news they brought him, and considered himself to have already won the fair Fenicia.

Signor Timbreo, who slept but little for the rest of that night, was up betimes, and sent for the citizen of Messina through whom he had asked Lionato for his daughter. He, *being fully instructed by Signor Timbreo, went at dinner*

time to seek Messer Lionato, whom he found pacing his room while waiting until dinner was ready ; and the innocent Fenicia was there also, who, in company with her two younger sisters and her mother, was quilting silk. The citizen, having been kindly received, said, "Messer Lionato, I have a message to you and to your wife and Fenicia, from Signor Timbreo." "You are welcome," he answered, "and what is it? Wife and Fenicia, come and hear with me what Signor Timbreo has to tell us." Then the messenger said, "It is usual that ambassadors should not suffer for repeating what they are bidden to say. I come to you, sent by another, and am infinitely grieved to bring news that will do you injury. The Signor Timbreo di Cardona bids me say to you, Messer Lionato, and to your lady, that you should provide yourselves with another son-in-law, because he does not intend to have you for parents; not because of any fault in you, whom he believes to be loyal and honest, but because he has seen with his own eyes that in Fenicia which he could never have believed. To you, now, Fenicia, he says that the love he bore you ought never to have received such guerdon as you have given him, and that you must provide yourself with another husband, as you are already provided with another lover." When Fenicia heard these and other bitter words she was as dead, and so were, at first, her father and mother ; but Lionato, recovering spirit, said to the ambassador, "I always doubted from the time when you first spoke to me of this marriage, that Signor Timbreo would hold to his offer, because I knew well, and know, that I am a poor gentleman, and not his peer. Nevertheless, if he repented of taking a wife, it should have been enough to say that he would not; he ought not to put, as he does, a stain of shame upon my daughter. I *know very well* that anything is possible, but I know, also, *how my daughter* has been brought up, and what are her *ways of life*. The just God shall be judge, and shall, one

day, I hope, make known the truth." The messenger departed, and Lionato remained in the belief that Signor Timbreo had repented of a marriage below his rank. Messer Lionato himself came of one of the oldest and noblest houses in Messina, yet his wealth was but that of a private gentleman, though there was old memory of ancestors, who had broad lands, castles, and wide jurisdiction, lost in the political changes and the civil wars of Isola. As the good father had never seen in his daughter anything dishonest, he thought that his poverty had been despised.

Fenicia, feeling herself to have been most wrongfully accused would rather die than live; she lost all colour, and was carried, looking like a marble statue, to her bed.

Doctors and women-friends came round her bed. The women wept, and she, recovering a little, bade them cease from tears that could not help and only added to her grief.

"What has happened," she said, "has been God's will, and we must be patient. It is not repudiation, but the shame mixed with it that has struck me to the heart. Signor Timbreo might have said that I did not please him for a wife, and all would have been well; but he has put me to eternal shame before all the people of Messina for offence which I not only have not committed, but which has never come into my mind. Every one knows that the Lionati were the oldest family in Isola, being descended, as there is record to show, from a most noble family that was in Rome before the birth of Christ. For their little wealth I could have been repudiated without adding this cruel stain. God knows my innocence and that I speak truth. To His name be glory and worship. Who knows but that He wills my salvation by this means. So high a marriage might have made me proud, despising this person or that, and perhaps I should have had less knowledge of God's goodness towards me. Let God do with me what pleases Him, and bring to me through this my sorrow the salvation of my soul."

And may He open Signor Timbreo's eyes; not that he may marry me, for I am dying, but that all the world some day may know that I am most innocent of that shame imputed to me, which now kills me, innocent as I shall be known at the judgment seat of Christ, to whom I commend the soul that seeks escape to Him out of this earthly prison."

Her grief depriving her of speech she babbled words that could not be understood, crossed her hands over her breast, and lay as dead.

The doctors departed, saying grief had killed her. Sad lamentations came from father, mother, friends. After five or six hours had passed, her burial was arranged for the next day.

The mother, more dead than alive, when the other women were gone, called to herself the wife of a brother of Messer Lionato, and those two alone, desiring no other assistance, caused water to be heated, and shut themselves in the chamber, and having unclothed Fenicia, began to wash her body with warm water. The spirits of Fenicia had been seven hours away, when they began to return to their offices as the cold limbs were washed, and, giving visible signs of life, the maiden opened her eyes. Her mother and aunt almost cried aloud, but put hands on her heart, and felt some movement; then with hot cloths and other remedies they restored her silently, until Fenicia said with a deep sigh, "Ah me, where am I?" "Do you not see," said her mother, "that you are with me and with your aunt? You had fallen into so deep a swoon that we believed you dead. But God be praised that you are living." "Alas!" replied Fenicia, "how much better it would be if I were dead, and escaped from all this trouble!" "Choose life, daughter, since so it pleases God. To all ills there is remedy." Hiding her joy, the mother opened the door a little way to cause Messer Lionato to be called, who came at once. It need not be asked whether he was joyful when he saw his

daughter returned to herself. It was resolved that no one should be told of this recovery, and that Fenicia, fully recovered with delicate food and costly wine, should be entrusted to her aunt who was there present, and taken out of Messina to her uncle's villa. Lionato sent for his brother, who was named Messer Girolamo, who took her on the following night to his house, and kept her there most secretly under his wife's care, with a sister of Fenicia who was thirteen or fourteen years old. Fenicia was sixteen, and the intention was to keep her till the growth and change of two or three more years would make it possible to marry her under another name. On the following day the obsequies of Fenicia were publicly performed by Lionato according to his rank. A coffin supposed to contain her body was placed in the family tomb amidst general lament, and an epitaph was inscribed in sad verse, showing how Fenicia had died praying God to make her innocence at last appear.

After all this Signor Timbreo was in great grief, not knowing what to think. It seemed to him that he ought not to be blamed, because he had seen a man mount the ladder and enter the house. But thinking more over what he had seen, now that his passion had cooled, he said to himself that perhaps the house might have been entered to meet another lady, or for robbery. He then remembered that the house of Messer Lionato was very large and that no one inhabited that part which the man had entered, and that Fenicia, sleeping with her sister in a chamber within that of her father and mother, could not have come through her father's chamber to this side, so that his thoughts were disturbed with conflict and he could not sleep. In like manner Signor Girondo, hearing how Fenicia had died, and knowing himself to have been the cause of the great scandal that killed her, became so desperate with grief of heart that *two or three times* he was about to stab himself. He *could neither eat nor sleep*, and on the seventh day from

Fenicia's funeral he felt that he could live no longer without discovering to Signor Timbreo his wicked deed. He went therefore towards the king's court: on his way he met Signor Timbreo returning from Court to his inn, and Gironde then invited Signor Timbreo to come with him to a place close by, to do him a service. He took him to the church in which there was the tomb of the Lionati, and bade the servants wait without. Within the church they were alone; and Signor Gironde, leading Signor Timbreo to the place where the epitaph said that Fenicia lay, and kneeling before it, gave a dagger to his friend, told his crime, and asked death for it at Signor Timbreo's hands; if his abused friend would not, in pity, kill him, he would kill himself. Signor Timbreo, in extreme emotion, began to weep bitterly, and prayed Signor Gironde to rise from his knees and tell him more fully of his love and of his crime. At the same time he threw the dagger far from him. God, without whose will not a leaf stirs on a tree, had permitted this. He had sinned by his credulity; from both of them all joy was gone; but neither of them could by death or vengeance bring Fenicia back. They would restore the fair fame of the innocent girl by public declaration of the truth to her parents, and afterwards to all the people of Messina. Signor Gironde put himself in his friend's hands; they knelt together weeping at the tomb, and then went together to the house of Lionato, where they told the truth to him and offered him all service in their power. Messer Lionato in joy and tenderness embraced them both, and asked only of Signor Timbreo that when he wished to marry he should let him know, and take the wife whom he might offer, if she pleased him. Then the people of Messina learnt the truth, and a post was sent by her father to Fenicia to tell what had occurred; whereat she rejoiced greatly and thanked God for her recovered honour.

A year had passed, during which Fenicia lived undiscovered

in her uncle's house, completed her seventeenth year, and had so grown in person and advanced in beauty, that she would not have been known for the former Fenicia by those who believed Fenicia to be dead. Her sister, named Belfiore, was fifteen, and scarcely less beautiful. Lionato, seeing this, and being one day in company with the two gentlemen, said to Signor Timbreo: "It is now time to remind you of your kind promise to me. I think I have found a wife who will content you, when you see her. If you do not find so much love as there was in Fenicia, I can promise that you will not find less beauty or nobility. You shall see her, and do freely what you think is most for your advantage. On Sunday morning I will come to your inn with some following of kinsmen and friends, and you, with Signor Girondo, shall come with us to a villa some three miles from Messina, where we will hear mass, and afterwards you can see the lady of whom I have spoken."

The invitation was accepted. The two gentlemen were escorted to the villa, where they were received with honour. After the mass, they went into a tapestried dining hall, into which came many fair ladies, among whom were Fenicia and Belfiore, Fenicia shining among the beauties as the moon among the stars. Messer Lionato took Signor Timbreo by the hand, and introduced him to Fenicia, called always in that house Lucilla, as the bride he had chosen for him, if he pleased to have her. "I would accept from you," he said, "not only this lady who looks so royal, but any other whom you might have chosen." The lady declared herself ready to do all that Messer Lionato promised for her. At the first sight of her, when she entered the chamber, Signor Timbreo had felt his heart strangely drawn to her as it had been drawn to Fenicia. Then they sat at table, the bride at the head, Signor Timbreo at her right hand, with Belfiore opposite to him, at whose right hand *was the Cavalier Girondo*. After dinner, Fenicia's aunt

playfully said, "Signor Bridegroom, have you ever before taken a wife?" Then, Signor Timbreo, moved to tears, told his sad story, and Gironde joined in the tale with deep emotion. Other questioning made clear the depth of his affection, and the happy father then made known to him that he was marrying Fenicia; and as he had married her under the false name of Lucilla, he married her again as Fenicia, his friend Gironde presenting the ring, in the same ceremony, to the most fair Belfiore.

When King Pedro heard of these things, he caused the marriage to be celebrated with brilliant festival at Court, honoured the two friends, enriched Lionato, and himself gave a noble dowry to Fenicia.

In Shakespeare's treatment of the old story of *Aricosto's* thus adapted by Bandello—which is itself a tale of Much Ado about a supposition that was Nothing—though the old tale, skilfully adapted, is the story of the play, yet it becomes wholly subordinate to the scenes showing the loves of Benedick and Beatrice, whose wit combats are also, from Shakespeare's point of view, Much Ado about Nothing. With all their wit they are as far removed from the real duties of life as the unreasoning deliverances of Dogberry and Verges, and they also make Much Ado about Nothing.

In one of his earliest plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare had represented a king of Navarre and many kindly lords of his court putting aside the work of life for banquet of the mind. Biron is the wittiest of them, but when it comes to choosing of wives his Rosalind says to him:—

"Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile."

In *Much Ado about Nothing* the playful idleness of mockery in Benedick and Beatrice is changed to noble earnest by contact with the real sorrows of life. The soul of the whole play speaks clearly in the scene between Benedick and Beatrice after the great wrong that has been done to Hero.

Benedick is no mere jester, though he has a buoyant spirit and a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. He is a man of noble temper and proved courage in the field. In Beatrice, too, there is a high, noble spirit, full of strength and tenderness, but she also is gifted with a ready wit that finds delight in kindly mockery. Many a love between man and woman, ending in life-long alliance for the noblest work, may have begun with wit-combats like those of Benedick and Beatrice. But such love could not rest on the much ado about nothing of the pleasant railery. Its foundation was a common interest in the realities of life. Unloving mockery Shakespeare gives only to the men who are like devils in mood, Richard III. and Iago. Here we have loving mockery expressed in form of the most genial comedy. It is evident from the first that Benedick has spacious lodging in the mind of Beatrice. In the first scene, when the messenger brings news of victory and the return of Don Pedro and his soldiers to Messina, Beatrice, with merry gibe, asks only whether Benedick is coming back. When he returns with his companions, she takes possession of him. Neither yet knows the deeper interest that underlies their readiness to pelt each other with small flowers of rhetoric, and keep up a lively strain of mockery that has no note of malice in it.

The summer sport with its garden scenes, is dated at the outset in July.

"*Claudio*. —from my house—if I had it—

Benedick. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick."

The base trick against Hero Shakespeare does not allow to be, as in the original tale, the act of a gentleman who loves her. He transfers this infamy to a man whose whole mind jars against the right music of life, and who, as brother to Don Pedro, against whom also he had plotted, is linked naturally to the story. By this change the poet also lightens the serious part of the tale of a load that would have dragged heavily at the robes of comedy.

The tricks upon Benedick and Beatrice, by which they are brought together, do not cause them to love, but open to their generous minds a knowledge of themselves, which had lain buried under a too-persistent playfulness that was at odds with serious speech, and gave no matter for earnest thought. The suggestion to each that there was love in the other had more truth in it than the suggesters knew. Through belief of that suggestion, the bar of idle talk—the *Much Ado about Nothing*—broke down. Observe how the high spirit of Hero answers to the words she hears when hidden in the arbour:

"What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly."

There is a delightful escape from that part of the old tale which would have been most unfit for a comedy, by

transferring the discovery of the plot against Hero from a repentant lover or confession by Don John, to the worthy watchmen under Dogberry and Verges, who transform what would have been tearful dole into the brightest comedy. It is comedy also in perfect accord with what may be considered as the point of view from which the play has been constructed. Dogberry and Verges exercise wonderfully the little wit they have, but in the scene of the hearing of Conrade and Borachio it may be observed that while Dogberry is the man of empty words, the Sexton, who says little, does all the real business of the examination.

In the opening scene of the Fourth Act—within a public church, if we are so to interpret some suggestions in preceding scenes, although the scene itself rather suggests a chapel in the house of Leonato—the loving care of Beatrice for Hero, her unbroken faith, “Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied,” her womanly resentment of the cruel insult that has struck her cousin down, bring her when all others have left, face to face with Benedick in an hour of human suffering and trial. The direct speech between them is now heart to heart; frank admission of the love between them with a very little touch of the old playful attitude towards each other, from which all mocking is gone; but out of it flashes her noble, passionate resentment of the wrong done to her cousin. Their dialogue is of few words, every word to the point; and its climax with the cry of Beatrice, “Kill Claudio!” It is a noble scene; and if ever the part of Benedick be here so acted as to produce laughter, let the actor wear sackcloth and ashes, and re-study his part.

In the first scene of the Fifth Act, when Benedick comes to challenge Claudio, Shakespeare represents him firm and of few words, which are contrasted with a pelting of small jests at him by Claudio and Don Pedro. The play of wit about him is used now as foil to his own manly simplicity.

and when Benedick has left them, Don Pedro says, "He is in earnest."

"*Claudio*. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claudio. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.*

Claudio. *He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man."*

What Thomas Carlyle called the "apes of the Dead Sea" undertake to cure him. They dwell by the living waters, they are our giants, who can speak plain words of truth and join them to true deeds

H. M.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, <i>Prince of Aragon.</i>	BORACHIO, } <i>Followers of</i>
DON JOHN, <i>his bastard Brother.</i>	CONRADE, } <i>John.</i>
CLAUDIO, <i>a young Lord of Florence.</i>	DOGBERRY, } <i>Two Officers.</i>
BENEDICK, <i>a young Lord of Padua.</i>	VERGES, }
LEONATO, <i>Governor of Messina.</i>	FRIAR FRANCIS.
ANTONIO, <i>his Brother.</i>	<i>A Sexton.</i>
RAUTHAZAR, <i>Attendant on Don Pedro.</i>	<i>A Boy.</i>
	HERO, <i>Daughter to Leonato.</i>
	BEATRICE, <i>Niece to Leonato.</i>
	MARGARET, } <i>Gentlewomen at-</i>
	URSULA, } <i>tending on Hero.</i>
	<i>Messengers, Watchmen, and</i>
	<i>Attendants.</i>

SCENE—MESSINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, *Governor of Messina*, INNOGEN
his wife, HERO *his daughter*, and BEATRICE
his niece, *with a Messenger.*

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of
Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this : he was not three
leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight ; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the birdbolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencherman ; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her : they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one ; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there

no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR,
and Don JOHN.*

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bena. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bena. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bena. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bena. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be

forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel ?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith ? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion ? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? Go to, i' faith ; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look ; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's ?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so ; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance :—he is in love. With who ?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is :—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord : it is not so, nor't was not so ; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord,
I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me : I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her ; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks : but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none ; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord ; not with love : prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me ; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try :
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

Bene. The savage bull may ; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead ; and let me be vilely painted ; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporise with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's : commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper ; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy ; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my nouse,
if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July : your loving friend,
Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of
your discourse is sometime guarded with frag-
ments, and the guards are but slightly basted on
neither : ere you flout old ends any further, exa-
mine your conscience : and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me
good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach : teach it
but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord ?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only
heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio ?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit : 't is once, thou
lovest ;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night :

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;

And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale :

Then, after, to her father will I break :

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it? But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Exit ANTONIO. Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I can

not hide what I am : I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests ; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure ; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business ; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea ; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace ; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself : it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace ; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the meantime, let me be *that* I am, and seek not to alter *me*.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent!

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it

agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come ; let us thither : this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow : if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me ?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper : their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. 'Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we go prove what 's to be done ?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks : I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image, and says nothing ; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue

Ant. In faith : she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face : I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then go you into hell ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate ; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice.'

get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids : ' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter : for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To HERO.] Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, ' Father, as it please you : ' but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, ' Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust ? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you : if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time : if the prince be

too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so !

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer !

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done !—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words : the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough : you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagglings of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless

you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so ?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are ?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the ' Hundred Merry Tales. '—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he ?

Beat. I am sure you know him him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh ?

Bene. I pray you, what is he ?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester : a very dull fool ; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders : none but libertines delight in him ; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and angers them, and

then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet : I would he had boarded me !

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do : he'll but break a comparison or two on me ; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy ; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance.* Then exeunt all except Don JOHN,
BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio : I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedick ?

Claud. You know me well ; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love : he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for him

birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her ?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too ; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* JOHN and BORACHIO.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so ;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent ; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then, Hero !

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the count ?
Did you see him ?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady ; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy ; who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you : the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block : an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her : my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester ; that I was duller than a great thaw ; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs : if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her ; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed : she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her ; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her, for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary ; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all *disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.*

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and*
LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *[Exit*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How, then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin ; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord ; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. -

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance !—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband !

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days : your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me ; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ; but

then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [Exit.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There is little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is

hence a just seven-night ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero ?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him : he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his *queasy stomach*, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer

an archer : his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

John. It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord : but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation dó you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring

them to see this the very night before the intended wedding : for in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy,—

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book ; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that ; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a

fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife : and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe : I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour ; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier ; and now is he turned orthographer : his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell ; I think not ; I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well ; another is wise,—yet I am well ; another virtuous,—yet I am well ; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain ; wise, or I'll none ; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her ; fair, or I'll never look on her ; *mild, or come not near me ; noble, or not I for an angel ; of good discourse, an excellent*

musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*]

*Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO,
followed by BALTHAZAR and musicians.*

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!—

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.—

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on its own perfection.— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes ;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the
noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that
he speaks ;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting ! *[Music.*

Bene. [Aside.] Now, divine air ! now is his soul
ravished !—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts
should hale souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a
horn for my money, when all's done.

Balth. [Sings.]

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;*

*The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and Musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay.—[*Aside to PEDRO.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful.

that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?—

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.—

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.—

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but

that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.—

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection : hold it up.—

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leon. No, and swears she never will : that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says : 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him ?'

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him ; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper.—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet ?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence ; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would

flout her:—‘I measure him,’ says she, ‘by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.’

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—‘O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!’

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She’s an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her *guardian*.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me ; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die ; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well : if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. 'f he do fear God, he must necessarily

keep peace : if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do ; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord : let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible : she may wear her heart out first

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter : let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.—

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her ; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter : that's the scene that I would see.

which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and*

LEONATO.

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick : the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady : it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me ! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured : they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her ; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud,—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair : 't is a truth, I can bear them witness ; and virtuous : 't is so, I cannot reprove it ; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage ; but doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in *his* youth, that he cannot endure in *his* age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of

the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour! No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message!

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me;'—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio :
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her ; say, that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleachéd bower
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter ; like favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.—There will she
hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office ;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick :
When I do name him, let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice : of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin :

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothéd
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ;

But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw
man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,

Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block movéd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air : O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment—

Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam ?

Hero. Why, every day ;—to-morrow. Come, go
in :

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.—

Urs. [*Aside.*] She's limed, I warrant you : we
have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes
by haps :

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.—

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

Beat. [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears !
Can this be true ?

*Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much !
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !*

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on : I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band ;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S HOUSE.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Aragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and *his tongue is the clapper,—for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.*

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I : methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it !

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What ! sigh for the toothache !

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm ?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises ; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downwards, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman

there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now rept into a lute-string, and now governed by tops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Include, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and all his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet it is no charm for the toothache.— Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [To CLAUD.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ?

D. Pedro. You know he does. ;

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not : let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage ; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed !

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter ?

John. I came hither to tell you : and circumstances shortened—for she has been too long a talking of—the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who ? Hero ?

John. Even she : Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal !

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say, she were worse : think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it.

Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered.

even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow: in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no further, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to

be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge :—you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if a' will not stand ?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why, then let them alone till they are

sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us ?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will

not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person ; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ah-ha ! Well, masters, good night : an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbour. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGER.*

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.—

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.—

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.—

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush ! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is ?—

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed ; a' has been a vile thief this seven year ; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.—

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody ?

Con. No : 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is ? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty ? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting ; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church-window ; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club !

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of *the fashion* ?

Bora. Not so neither ; but know, that I have

to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero : she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely :—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the common wealth

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them:
I know him ; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch*. You'll be made bring Deformed forth,
I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch*. Never speak : we charge you, let us
obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity,
being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you.—
Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice,
and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were
better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good ; and I warrant,
your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another :
I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if
the hair were a thought browner ; and your gown's
a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of
Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect
of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with
silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves,
and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel ;
but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion,
yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart
is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of
a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ?
Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not
your lord honourable without marriage ? I think,
you would have me say, saving your reverence,—
a husband : an' bad thinking do not wrest true
speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm
in—the heavier for a husband ? None, I think,
an it be the right husband, and the right wife ;

otherwise 't is light, and not heavy : ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now ? do you speak in the sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap 's into 'Light o' love ;' that goes without a burden : do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels !—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin : 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—heigh-ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband ?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow ?

Marg. Nothing I ; but God send every one their heart's desire !

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why, Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love, or *that* you can be in love. Yet Benedick *was such another*, and now is he become a man: he

swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging : and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw : the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends ?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous : *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha !

Dogb. Yea, and 't were a thousand pound more than 't is ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of *arrant knaves* as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us ! it is a world to see !—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges :—Well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir : by my troth he is, as ever broke bread : but, God is to be worshipped : all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour !

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me : I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and *Messenger*.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go ; get you to Francis Seacoal ; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol : we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that shall drive some of them to a *non-com* : only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief ; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady ?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her :—friar, you come to marry her.

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count ?

Hero. I do.

Fri. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero ?

Hero. None, my lord.

Fri. Know you any, count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer ; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not knowing what they do !

Bene. How now ! Interjections ? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha ! ha ! he !

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave :

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter ?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back,
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again :

Give not this rotten orange to your friend ;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here :

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows ? But she is none :

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approv'd wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say : if I have
known her,

You 'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large ;

But, as a brother to his sister, showed

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seemed I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thee, seeming ! I will write
against it,

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pampered animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide ?

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

D. Pedro. What should I speak ?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but
dream ?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are
true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True !—O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?
Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?
Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me ! how am I beset !—
What kind of catechising call you this ?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that
name

With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero :
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talked with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talked with no man at that hour, my
lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear : upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievéd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie : they are not to be named, my
lord,

Not to be spoke of ;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart !

*But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity !
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,*

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for
me? [*HERO swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin ! wherefore sink
you down ?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus
to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think :—help, uncle !—
Hero ! why, *Hero* !—*Uncle* !—*Signior Benedick* !—
Friar !

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wished for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Fri. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea ; wherefore should she not ?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

*Ory shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—*

Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes :
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one !
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame !
O, one too much by thee ! Why had I one !
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes !
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ;
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, ' No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins !'
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh !

Bena.

Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
now not what to say.

eat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

Beat. No, truly, not ; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmed, confirmed ! O, that is stronger made,

Which was before barred up with ribs of iron !
Would the two princes lie ? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears ? Hence from her, let her
die.

Fri. Hear me a little ;

For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady : I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent
shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon.

Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury : she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know
none.

If I know more of any man alive

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy !—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me conversed

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintained the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of
her,

These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri.

Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? what will this
do ?

Fri. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her be-
half

*Change slander to remorse ;—that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,*

But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer ; for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio ;
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed ; then shall he
mourn,—
If ever love had interest in his liver—
And wish he had not so accuséd her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levelled false,

The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolonged : have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you.

By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin ; I must say she is dead ; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns ; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors ?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain : We have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined ? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend ?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah ?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade

—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. }
Bora. } Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah ; a word in your ear, sir : I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine : you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down — Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be

bound, and brought to Leonato's : I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb !

Dogb. God's my life ! where's the sexton ? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet !

Con. Away ! you are an ass ; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place ? Dost thou not suspect my years ?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass !—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow ; and, which is more, an officer ; and, which is more, a householder ; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina ; and one that knows the law, go to ; and a rich fellow enough, go to ; and a fellow that hath had losses ; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ down an ass !

[Exeunt

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself ;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine :
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience :
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters : bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no ; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and
blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself,
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will
do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;

And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you
well, my lord :—

Are you so hasty now ?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old
man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou, dis-
sembler, thou.—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear.
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at
me :

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child :
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away ! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast killed
my child :

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow
me.

**Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.**

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I loved my niece ;

And she is dead ; slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man, I know
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all !

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter :
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No!

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we
went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not.—I will

make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him: he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together,

trans-shape thy particular virtues ; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, ' Here dwells Benedick the married man ! '

Bene. Fare you well, boy : you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour : you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you : I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina : you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet ; and till then, peace be with him.

{Exit.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with
CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

Dogb. Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths;

secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had

rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison while he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery.—

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,

That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath
hast killed

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died ; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones :—sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us :
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud.

O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
From henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming ;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora.

No, by my soul she was not ;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed : they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship ; I wish your worship well ; God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it !—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*Exeunt Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—LEONATO'S Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman ; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit MARG.*
[*Singing.*]

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—*

I mean, in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; *I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to 'lady'*

but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question :—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : therefore is it most expedient for the wise—if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary—to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for

praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin ?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you ?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in hasta.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder 's old coil at home : it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused ; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior ?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants,
with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

*' Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.'*

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,*

*Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be utteréd,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters : put your
torches out.

The wolves have preyed ; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us : fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters : each his several
way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other
weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speed 's,

Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, MARGARET,
BEATRICE, URSULA, *Friar FRANCIS, and* HERO.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bena. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither masked :
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. [*Exeunt Ladies.*—You know your
office, brother :

You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirmed countenance.

Bena. *Friar*, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me ; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from
me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your
will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honourable marriage :—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,
Claudio :

We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother : here 's the friar ready. [Exit ANTONIO.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what 's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—

Tush ! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low :
And some such strange bull leaped your father's
cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar :

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife :

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero.

Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defiled ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify :

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I 'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bena. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*]

What is your will ?

Bena. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, have been deceived : they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then, you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her ;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hera. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle ! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man ?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram ? No : if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer ;

which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word ; therefore play, music !
—Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arméd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, arranged in a vertical column on the left side of the page. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are written in a more formal, printed style. The names and dates are separated by small gaps, and the entire list is enclosed in a rectangular border.

ARIODANTES AND GENEURA.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names, followed by a list of dates, and then a list of locations. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the dates are listed in chronological order. The locations are listed in alphabetical order.

ARIODANTES AND GENEURA.

From Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," Canto IV. 51 to VI. 15.

DAY after day the good Rinaldo fares,
Forced by the wind, the spacious ocean through ;
Now westward borne, and now towards the
BEARS ;
For night and day the ceaseless tempest blew.
Scotland at last her dusky coast uprears,
And gives the Caledonian wood to view ;
Which, through its shadowy groves of ancient
oak,
Oft echoes to the champion's sturdy stroke.

Through this roves many a famous cavalier,
Renowned for feat in arms, of British strain ;
And throng from distant land, or country near,
French, Norse, or German knights, a numerous
train.

*Let none, save he be valiant, venture here,
Where, seeking glory, death may be his gain.*

Here Arthur, Galahad, and Gawaine fought,
And well Sir Launcelot and Tristram wrought.

And other worthies of the table round
(Of either table, whether old or new);
Whose trophies yet remain upon the ground;
Proof of their valiant feats. Rinaldo true
Forthwith his armour and Bayardo found,
And landed on the woody coast. The crew
He bade, with all the haste they might, repair
To Berwick's neighbouring port, and wait him
there.

Without a guide or company he went
Through that wide forest; choosing now this
way,
Now that, now other, as it might present
Hope of adventurous quest or hard assay:
And, ere the first day's circling sun is spent,
The peer is guested in an abbey grey:
Which spends much wealth in harbouring those
who claim
Its shelter, warlike knight or wandering dame.

*The monks and abbot to Mount Alban's peer
A goodly welcome in their house accord;*

Who asked, but not before with savoury cheer
He amply had his wearied strength restored,
If in that tract by errant cavalier
Often adventurous quest might be explored,
In which a man might prove, by dangerous deed,
If blame or glory were his fitting need.

They answered, in those woods he might be sure
Many and strange adventures would be found ;
But deeds there wrought were, like the place,
obscure,
And for the greater part not bruited round.
“ Then seek (they said) a worthier quest, secure
Your works will not be buried underground.
So that the glorious act achieved, as due,
Fame may your peril and your pain pursue

“ And if you would your warlike worth assay
Prepare the worthiest enterprise to hear,
That, e'er in times of old or present day,
Was undertaken by a cavalier.
Our monarch's daughter needs some friendly stay,
Now sore bested, against a puissant peer :
Lurcanio is the doughty baron's name,
Who would bereave her both of life and fame

- “ Her he before her father does pursue,
Perchance yet more for hatred than for right ;
And vouches, to a gallery she updrew
A lover, seen by him, at dead of night.
Hence death by fire will be the damsel's due,
Such is our law, unless some champion fight
On her behalf, and, ere a month go by,
(Nigh spent) upon the accuser prove the lie.
- “ Our impious Scottish law, severe and dread,
Wills that a woman, whether low or high
Her state, who takes a man into her bed,
Except her husband, for the offence shall die.
Nor is there hope of ransom for her head,
Unless to her defence some warrior hie ;
And as her champion true, with spear and shield,
Maintain her guiltless in the listed field.
- “ The king, sore grieving for Geneura bright,
For such is his unhappy daughter's name,
Proclaims by town and city, that the knight
Who shall deliver her from death and shame,
He to the royal damsel will unite,
With dower well suited to a royal dame ;
So that the valiant warrior who has stood
In her defence, be come of gentle blood.

"But if within a month no knight appear,
Or coming, conquer not, the damsel dies.
A like emprise were worthier of your spear
Than wandering through these woods in lowly
guise.

Besides, the eternal trophy you shall rear,
You by the deed shall gain a glorious prize,
The sweetest flower of all the ladies fair
That betwixt Ind and Atlas' pillars are.

"And you with wealth and state shall guerdoned be,
So that you evermore may live content,
And the king's grace, if through your means
he see

His honour raised anew, now well-nigh spent.
Besides, you by the laws of chivalry
Are bound to venge the damsel foully shent.
For she, whose life is by such treason sought,
Is chaste and spotless in the common thought."

When the new dawn, with streaks of red and white,
Broke in the east, and cleared the hemisphere,
Rinaldo took his steed and armour bright :
A squire that abbey furnished to the peer.

With him, for many leagues and miles, the knight
Pricked through the dismal forest dark and drear ;
While they towards the Scottish city ride,
Where the poor damsel's cause is to be tried.

Seeking their way to shorten as they wound,
They to the wider track a path preferred ;
When echoing through the gloomy forest round,
Loud lamentations nigh the road were heard.
Towards a neighbouring vale, whence came the
 sound,
This his Bayardo, that his hackney spurred ;
And viewed, between two grisly ruffians there,
A girl, who seemed at distance passing fair.

But woe-begone and weeping was the maid
As ever damsel, dame, or wight was seen ;
Hard by the barbarous twain prepared the blade,
To deluge with that damsel's blood the green.
She to delay her death awhile essayed,
Until she pity moved with mournful mien.
This when Rinaldo near approaching eyes,
He thither drives with threats and furious cries.

*The ruffians turn their backs and take to flight
As soon as they the distant succour view,*

And squat within a valley out of sight :
Nor cares the good Rinaldo to pursue.
To her approaching, sues Mount Alban's knight,
To say what on her head such evil drew ;
And, to save time, commands his squire to stoop,
And take the damsel on his horse's croup.

And as the lady nearer he surveyed,
Her wise behaviour marked and beauty's bloom ;
Though her fair countenance was all dismayed,
And by the fear of death o'erspread with gloom
Again to know, the gentle knight essayed,
Who had prepared for her so fell a doom ;
And she began to tell in humble tone
What to another canto I postpone.

"Of direr deed than ever yet was done,"
The gentle dame began, "Sir cavalier,
In Thebes, Mycene, Argos, or upon
Other more savage soil, prepare to hear ;
And I believe that if the circling sun
To these our Scottish shores approach less near
Than other land, 't is that he would eschew
A foul ferocious race that shocks his view.

" All times have shown that man has still pursued
With hate, in every clime, his natural foe ;
But to deal death to those who seek our good
Does from too ill and foul a nature flow.
Now, that the truth be better understood,
I shall from first to last the occasion show,
Why in my tender years, against all right,
Those caitiffs would have done me foul despita.

" 'Tis fitting you should know that, in the spring
Of life, I to the palace made resort ;
There served long time the daughter of the king,
And grew with her in growth, well placed in court.
When cruel love, my fortune envying,
Willed I should be his follower and his sport ;
And made, beyond each Scottish lord and knight,
Albany's duke find favour in my sight.

" And for he seemed to cherish me above
All mean ; his love a love as ardent bred.
We hear, indeed, and see, but do not prove
Man's faith, nor is his bosom's purpose read.
Believing still, and yielding to my love,
I ceased not till I took him to my bed ;
Nor, of all chambers, in that evil hour,
Marked I was in Geneura's priviest bower.

- "Where, hoarded, she with careful privacy
Preserved whatever she esteemed most rare ;
There many times she slept. A gallery
From thence projected into the open air.
Here oft I made my lover climb to me,
And (what he was to mount) a hempen stair,
When him I to my longing arms would call,
From the projecting balcony let fall.
- "For here my passion I as often fed
As good Geneura's absence made me bold ;
Who with the varying season changed her bed,
To shun the burning heat or pinching cold,
And Albany, unseen and safely sped ;
For, fronting a dismantled street, and old,
Was built that portion of the palace bright ;
Nor any went that way by day or night.
- "So was for many days and months maintained
By us, in secrecy, the amorous game ;
Still grew my love, and such new vigour gained,
I in my inmost bosom felt the flame ;
And that he little loved, and deeply feigned,
Weened not, so was I blinded to my shame :
Though, in a thousand certain signs betrayed,
The faithless knight his base deceit bewrayed.

“ After some days, of fair Geneura he
A suitor showed himself ; I cannot say
If this began before he sighed for me,
Or after of this love he made assay :
But judge, alas ! with what supremacy
He ruled my heart, how absolute his sway !
Since this he owned, and thought no shame to
move
Me to assist him in his second love.

“ Unlike what he bore me, he said, indeed,
That was not true which he for her displayed :
But so pretending love, he hoped to speed,
And celebrate due spousals with the maid.
He with her royal sire might well succeed,
Were she consenting to the boon he prayed ;
For after our good king, for wealth and birth
In all the realm, was none of equal worth.

“ Me he persuades, if through my ministry
He the king's son-in-law elected were,
For I must know he next the king would be
Advanced as high as subject could repair,
The merit should be mine, and ever he
So great a benefit in mind would bear ;
And he would cherish me above his bride,
And more than every other dame beside.

- " I, who to please him was entirely bent,
Who never could or would gainsay his will,
Upon those days alone enjoy content,
When I find means his wishes to fulfil :
And snatch at all occasions which present
A mode his praise and merits to instil :
And for my lover with all labour strain,
And industry, Geneura's love to gain.
- " With all my heart, in furtherance of his suit,
I wrought what could be done, God truly knows ;
But with Geneura this produced no fruit,
Nor her to grace my duke could I dispose.
For that another love had taken root
In her, whose every fond affection flows
Towards a gentle knight of courteous lore,
Who sought our Scotland from a distant shore :
- " And with a brother, then right young, to stay
In our king's court, came out of Italy ;
And there of knightly arms made such assay,
Was none in Britain more approved than he ;
Prized by the king, who (no ignoble pay),
Rewarding him like his nobility,
Bestowed upon the youth, with liberal hand,
Burghs, baronies, and castles, woods and land.

" Dear to the monarch, to the daughter still
This lord was dearer, Ariodantes hight.
Her with affection might his valour fill ;
But knowledge of his love brought more delight.
Nor old Vesuvius, nor Sicilia's hill,
Nor Troy-town, ever, with a blaze so bright,
Flamed, as with all his heart, the damsel learned,
For love of her young Ariodantes burned.

" The passion which she bore the lord, preferred
And loved with perfect truth and all her heart,
Was the occasion I was still unheard ;
Nor hopeful answer would she e'er impart :
And still the more my lover's suit I stirred,
And to obtain his guerdon strove with art,
Him she would censure still, and ever more
Was strengthened in the hate she nursed before.

" My wayward lover often I excite
So vain and bootless an emprise to quit ;
Nor idly hope to turn her steadfast sprite,
Too deeply with another passion smit ;
And make apparent to the Scottish knight
Ariodantes such a flame had lit
In the young damsel's breast, that seas in flood
Would not have cooled one with her boiling
blood.

“ This Polinesso many times had heard
From me (for such the Scottish baron's name)
Well warranted by sight as well as word,
How ill his love was cherished by the dame.
To see another to himself preferred
Not only quenched the haughty warrior's flame
But the fond love which in his bosom burned
Into despitiful rage and hatred turned.

“ Between Geneura and her faithful knight
Such discord and ill will he schemed to shed,
And put betwixt the pair such foul despite,
No time should heal the quarrel he had bred ;
Bringing such scandal on that damsel bright,
The stain should cleave to her, alive or dead :
Nor, bent to wreck her on this fatal shelf,
Counselled with me, or other but himself.

“ ‘ Dalinda mine,’ he said, his project brewed
(Dalinda is my name), ‘ you needs must know,
That from the root although the trunk be hewed,
Successive suckers many times will grow.
Thus my unhappy passion is renewed,
Tenacious still of life, and buds ; although
Cut off by ill success, with new increase :
Nor, till I compass my desire, will cease.

“ ‘Nor hope of pleasure this so much has wrought,
As that to compass my design would please ;
And if not in effect, at least in thought
To thrive, would interpose some little ease.
Then every time your bower by me is sought,
When in her bed Geneura slumbers, seize
What she puts off, and be it still your care
To dress yourself in all her daily wear.

“ ‘Dispose your locks and deck yourself as she
Goes decked ; and, as you can, with cunning
heed,
Imitate her ; then to the gallery
You, furnished with the corded stair, shall
speed :
I shall ascend it in the phantasy
That you are she, of whom you wear the weed :
And hope, that putting on myself this cheat,
I in short time shall quench my amorous heat.’

“So said the knight ; and I, who was distraught,
And all beside myself, was not aware
That the design, in which he help besought,
Was manifestly but too foul a snare ;
*And in Geneura's clothes disguised, as taught,
Let down (so oft I used) the corded stair.*

Nor I the traitor's foul deceit perceived
Until the deadly mischief was achieved.

"The duke, this while, to Ariodantes' ears
Had these, or other words like these, addressed
(For leagued in friendship were the cavaliers,
Till, rivals, they pursued this common quest) :
'I marvel, since you are of all my peers
He whom I most have honoured and caressed,
And held in high regard, and cherished still,
You should my benefits repay so ill.

" 'I am assured you comprehend and know
Mine and Geneura's love, an old accord ;
And, in legitimate espousal, how
I am about to claim her from my lord :
Then why disturb my suit, and why bestow
Your heart on her who offers no reward ?
By Heaven, I should respect your claim and
place,
Were your condition mine, and mine your case.'

" 'And I,' cried Ariodantes, 'marvel more'
(In answer to the Scottish lord) 'at you,
Since I of her enamoured was before
That gentle damsel ever met your view ;

And know, you are assured how evermore
We two have loved ;—was never love more
true—

Are certain she alone would share my lot ;
And are as well assured she loves you not.

“ ‘Why have not I from you the same respect
To which, for friendship past, you would pretend

From me ; and I should bear you in effect
If your hope stood more fair to gain its end !
No less than you, to wed her I expect ;
And if your fortune here my wealth transcend,
As favoured of the king as you, above
You, am I happy in his daughter’s love.’

“ ‘Of what a strange mistake,’ to him replied
The Duke, ‘your foolish passion is the root !
You think yourself beloved ; I, on my side,
Believe the same ; this try we by the fruit.
You of your own proceeding nothing hide,
And I will tell the secrets of my suit :
And let the man who proves least favoured
yield,

Provide himself elsewhere, and quit the field.

“ ‘ I am prepared, if such your wish, to swear
Nothing of what is told me to reveal ;
And will that you assure me, for your share,
You shall what I recount as well conceal.’
Uniting in the pact the rival pair
Their solemn vows upon the Bible seal :
And when they had the mutual promise
 plighted,
Ariodantes first his tale recited.

“ Then plainly, and by simple facts averred,
How with Geneura stood his suit, avows :
And how, engaged by writing and by word,
She swore she would not be another’s spouse.
How, if to him the Scottish king demurred,
Virgin austerity she ever vows :
And other bridal bond for aye eschewed,
To pass her days in barren solitude.

“ Then added, how he hoped by worth, which he
Had more than once avouched, with knightly
 brand,
And yet might vouch, to the prosperity
And honour of the king, and of his land,
To please so well that monarch, as to be
By him accounted worthy of the hand

Of his fair child, espoused with his consent :
Since he in this her wishes would content.

“Then so concludes—‘ I stand upon this ground,
Nor I intruder fear, encroaching nigh ;
Nor seek I more ; ’t is here my hopes I bound,
Nor, striving for Geneura’s love, would I
Seek surer sign of it than what is found,
By God allowed, in wedlock’s lawful tie ;
And other suit were hopeless, am I sure,
So excellent she is, and passing pure.’

“ When Ariodantes had, with honest mind,
Told what reward he hoped should quit his pain,
False Polinesso, who before designed
To make Geneura hateful to her swain,
Began—‘ Alas ! you yet are far behind
My hopes, and shall confess your own are vain
And say, as I the root shall manifest
Of my good fortune, I alone am blest.

“ ‘ With you Geneura feigns, nor pays nor prizes
Your passion, which with hopes and words is fed ;
And, more than this, your foolish love despises :
And this to me the damsel oft has said.

Of hers I am assured ; of no surmises,
Vain, worthless words, or idle promise bred.
And I to you the fact in trust reveal,
Though this I should in better faith conceal.

“ There passes not a month, but in that space
Three nights, four, six, and often ten, the fair
Receives me with that joy in her embrace,
Which seems to second so the warmth we share.
This you may witness, and shall judge the case ;
If empty hopes can with my bliss compare.
Then since my happier fortune is above
Your wishes, yield, and seek another love.”

“ This will I not believe,” in answer cried
Ariodantes, “ well assured you lie,
And that you have this string of falsehoods tied
To scare me from the dear emprise I try.
But charge so passing foul you shall abide,
And vouch what you have said in arms ; for I
Not only on your tale place no reliance
But as a traitor hurl you my defiance.”

“ To him rejoined the duke, ‘ I ween ’t were ill
To take the battle upon either part,

Since surer mean our purpose may fulfil ;
And if it please, my proof I can impart.'
Ariodantes trembled, and a chill
Went through his inmost bones ; and sick at
heart,
Had he in full believed his rival's boast,
Would on the spot have yielded up the ghost.

" With wounded heart, and faltering voice, pale
face,
And mouth of gall, he answered, ' When I see
Proofs of thy rare adventure, and the grace
With which the fair Geneura honours thee,
I promise to forego the fruitless chase
Of one, to thee so kind, so cold to me.
But think not that thy story shall avail,
Unless my very eyes confirm the tale.'

" 'To warn you in due time shall be my care,'
Said Polinesso, and so went his way.
Two nights were scarcely passed, ere his repair
To the known bower was fixed for the assay.
And, ready now to spring his secret snare,
He sought his rival on the appointed day,
And him to hide, the night ensuing, prayed
I' the street, which none their habitation made.

- “ And to the youth a station over-right
The balcony, to which he clambered, shows.
Ariodantes weened, this while, the knight
Would him to seek that hidden place dispose,
As one well suited to his fell despite,
And, bent to take his life, this ambush chose,
Under the false pretence to make him see
What seemed a sheer impossibility.
- “ To go the peer resolved, but in such guise
He should not be with vantage overlaid ;
And should he be assaulted by surprise,
He need not be by fear of death dismayed.
He had a noble brother, bold and wise,
First of the court in arms ; and on his aid,
Lurcanio hight, relied with better heart
Than if ten others fought upon his part.
- “ He called him to his side, and willed him take
His arms ; and to the place at evening led :
Yet not his secret purpose would he break :
Nor this to him or other would have read.
Him a stone's-throw removed he placed and
spake :
' Come if thou hearest me cry,' the warrior
said ;

‘But as thou lovest me, whatsoe’er befall,
Come not and move not, brother, till I call.’

“‘Doubt not,’ the valiant brother said, ‘but go ;’
And thither went that baron silently,
And hid within the lonely house and low,
Over against my secret gallery.
On the other side approached the fraudulent foe,
So pleased to work Geneura’s infamy ;
And, while I nothing of the cheat divine,
Beneath my bower renews the wonted sign :

“And I in costly robe, in which were set
Fair stripes of gold upon a snowy ground,
My tresses gathered in a golden net,
Shaded with tassels of vermilion round,
Mimicking fashions which were only met
In fair Geneura, at the accustomed sound
The gallery mount, constructed in such mode
As upon every side my person showed.

“This while Lurcanio, either with a view
To snares which might beset his brother’s feet,
Or with the common passion to pursue
And play the spy on other, where the street

Was darkest and its deepest shadows threw,
Followed him softly to his dim retreat :
And not ten paces from the knight aloof,
Bestowed himself beneath the self-same roof.

"Suspecting nought, I seek the balcony,
In the same habits which I mentioned dressed ;
As more than once or twice (still happily)
I did before ; meanwhile the goodly vest
Was in the moonlight clearly seen, and I,
In aspect not unlike her, in the rest
Resembling much Geneura's shape and cheer,
One visage well another might appear ;

"So much the more that there was ample space
Between the palace and the ruined row :
Hence the two brothers, posted in that place,
Were lightly cheated by the lying show.
Now put yourself in his unhappy case,
And figure what the wretched lover's woe,
When Polinesso climbed the stair, which I
Cast down to him, and scaled the gallery.

"Arrived, my arms about his neck I throw,
Weening that we unseen of others meet,

And kiss his lips and face with loving show,
As him I hitherto was wont to greet ;
And he assayed, with more than wonted glow,
Me to caress, to mask his hollow cheat ;
Led to the shameful spectacle, aghast,
That other, from afar, viewed all that passed,

“ And fell into such fit of deep despair
He there resolved to die ; and, to that end,
Planted the pommel of his falchion bare
’P the ground, its point against his breast to
bend.

Lurcanio, who with marvel by that stair
Saw Polinesso to my bower ascend,
But knew not who the wight, with ready speed
Sprang forward when he saw his brother’s deed,

“ And hindered him in that fell agony
From turning his own hand against his breast.
Had the good youth been later, or less nigh,
To his assistance he had vainly pressed.
Then, ‘ Wretched brother, what insanity,’
He cried, ‘ your better sense has dispossessed !
Die for a woman ! rather let her kind
Be scattered like the mist before the wind !

“ ‘Compass her death ! ’tis well deserved ; your
own

Reserve, as due to more illustrious fate.

’Twas well to love, before her fraud was shown ;

But she, once loved, now more deserves your
hate,

Since, witnessed by your eyes, to you is known

A wanton of what sort you worshipped late .

Her fault before the Scottish king to attest,

Reserve those arms you turn against your breast ’

“ Ariodantes, so surprised, forewent,

Joined by his brother, the design in show ;

But resolute to die, in his intent

Was little shaken : rising thence to go,

He bears away a heart not simply rent,

But dead and withered with excess of woe :

Yet better comfort to Lurcanio feigns,

As if the rage were spent which fired his veins.

“ The morn ensuing, without further say

To his good brother, or to man beside,

He from the city took his reckless way

With deadly desperation for his guide ;

Nor, save the duke and knight, for many a day

Was there who knew what moved the youth to

ride :

And in the palace, touching this event,
And in the realm, was various sentiment.

“ But eight days past or more, to Scotland’s court
A traveller came, and to Geneura he
Related tidings of disastrous sort :
That Ariodantes perished in the sea ;
Drowned of his own free will was the report,
No wind to blame for the calamity !
Since from a rock, which over ocean hung,
Into the raging waves he headlong sprung ;

“ ‘ Who said, before he reached that frowning crest,
To me, whom he encountered by the way,
“ Come with me, that your tongue may manifest,
And what betides me to Geneura say ;
And tell her, too, the occasion of the rest,
Which you shall witness without more delay.
In having seen too much, the occasion lies ;
Happy had I been born without these eyes ! ”

“ ‘ By chance upon a promontory we
Were standing, over-right the Irish shore ;
When, speaking thus on that high headland, he
Plunged from a rock amid the watery roar.

I saw him leap, and left him in the sea ;
And hurrying thence, to you the tidings bore.
Geneura stood amazed, her colour fled,
And, at the fearful tale, remained half dead.

"O God ! what said, what did she, when alone
She on her faithful pillow laid her head !
She beat her bosom, and she tore her gown,
And in despite her golden tresses shed,
Repeating often, in bewildered tone,
The last sad words which Ariodantes said :—
That the sole source of such despair and such
Disaster was that he had seen too much.

' Wide was the rumour scattered that the peer
Had slain himself for grief ; nor was the cry
By courtly dame, or courtly cavalier,
Or by the monarch, heard with tearless eye.
But, above all the rest, his brother dear
Was whelmed with sorrow of so deep a dye
That, bent to follow him, he well-nigh turned
His hand against himself, like him he mourned.

*"And many times repeating in his thought,
It was Geneura who his brother slew,*

Who was to self-destruction moved by nought
But her ill-deed, which he was doomed to view,
So on his mind the thirst of vengeance wrought.
And so his grief his reason overthrew,
That he thought little, graced of each estate,
To encounter king and people's common hate.

“And, when the throng was fullest in the hall,
Stood up before the Scottish king and said,
‘Of having marred my brother’s wits withal,
Sir king, and him to his destruction led,
Your daughter only can I guilty call :
For in his inmost soul such sorrow bred
The having seen her little chastity,
He loathed existence, and preferred to die.

“‘He was her lover ; and for his intent,
Was honest, this I seek not, I, to veil ;
And to deserve her by his valour meant
Of thee, if faithful service might avail ;
But while he stood aloof, and dared but scent
The blossoms, he beheld another scale,
Scale the forbidden tree with happier boot,
And bear away from him the wished-for fruit.’

"Then added, how into the gallery came
Geneura, and how dropped the corded stair ;
And how into the chamber of the dame
Had climbed a leman of that lady fair ;
Who, for disguise (he knew not hence his name),
Had changed his habits and concealed his hair :
And, in conclusion, vowed that every word
So said he would avouch with lance and sword.

"You may divine how grieves the sire, distraught
With woe, when he the accusation hears :
As well that what he never could have thought,
He of his daughter learns with wondering ears,
As that he knows, if succour be not brought
By cavalier that in her cause appears,
Who may upon Lurcanio prove the lie,
He cannot choose but doom the maid to die.

"I do not think our Scottish law to you
Is yet unknown, which sentences to fire
The miserable dame or damsel who
Grants other than her wedded lord's desire.
She dies, unless a champion good and true
Arm on her side before a month expire ;
And her against the accuser base maintain
Unmeriting such death, and free from stain.

"The king has made proclaim by town and tower
(For he believes her wronged, his child to free),
Her *he* shall have to wife, with ample dower,
Who saves the royal maid from infamy.
But each to the other looks, and to this hour
No champion yet, 'tis said, appears : for he,
Lurcanio, is esteemed so fierce in fight,
It seems as he were feared of every knight.

"And evil fate has willed her brother dear,
Zerbino, is not here the foe to face ;
Since many months has roved the cavalier,
Proving his matchless worth with spear and
mace ;
For if the valiant champion were more near
(Such is his courage), or in any place
Whither in time the news might be conveyed,
He would not fail to bear his sister aid.

"The king meantime, who would the quest pursue,
And by more certain proof than combat try
If the accuser's tale be false or true,
And she deserve, or merit not, to die,
Arrests some ladies of her retinue,
That, as he weens, the fact can verify ;

Whence I foresaw, that if I taken were,
Too certain risk the duke and I must share.

“That very night I from the palace flee,
And to the duke repair, escaped from court ;
And, were I taken, make him plainly see
How much it either’s safety would import :
He praised, and bade me of good courage be,
And, for his comfort, prayed me to resort
To a strong castle which he held hard by ;
And gave me two to bear me company.

“With what full proofs, sir stranger, you have
heard,
I of my love assured the Scottish peer ;
And clearly can discern, if so preferred,
That lord was justly bound to hold me dear.
Mark, in conclusion, what was my reward ;
The glorious meed of my great merit hear !
And say if woman can expect to earn,
However well she love, her love’s return.

“For this perfidious, foul, ungrateful man,
At length suspicious of my faith and zeal,
And apprehending that his wily plan
In course of time I haply might reveal,

Feigned that meanwhile the monarch's anger ran
Too high he would withdraw me, and conceal
Within a fortress of his own, where I
(Such was his real end) was doomed to die.

“For secretly the duke enjoined the guide,
Who with me through the gloomy forest went,
The worthy guerdon of a faith so tried,
To slay me ; and had compassed his intent,
But for your ready succour when I cried.
Behold ! what wagers love's poor slaves content.’
Thus to Rinaldo did Dalinda say,
As they together still pursued their way.

Above all other fortune, to the knight
Was welcome to have found the gentle maid
Who the whole story of Geneura bright
And her unblemished innocence displayed ;
And if he hoped, although accused with right,
To furnish the afflicted damsel aid,
Persuaded of the calumny's disproof,
He with more courage warred in her behoof.

And for St. Andrew's town, with eager speed,
Where was the king with all his family,

And where the single fight, in listed mead,
Upon his daughter's quarrel was to be,
The good Rinaldo pricked, nor spared his steed
Until, within an easy distance, he,
Now near the city, met a squire who brought
More recent tidings than the damsel taught :

That thither had repaired a stranger knight,
To combat in Geneura's quarrel bent,
With ensigns strange, not known of living wight,
Since ever close concealed the warrior went ;
Nor, since he had been there, had bared to sight
His visage, aye within his helmet pent :
And that the very squire who with him came
Swore that he knew not what the stranger's
name.

Not far they ride before the walls appear,
And now before the gate their coursers stand.
To advance the sad Dalinda was in fear,
Yet followed, trusting in Rinaldo's brand.
The gate was shut, and to the porter near,
"What this implies," Rinaldo makes demand :
To him was said, the people one and all
Were trooped to see a fight without the wall,

Beyond the city, fought upon accord
Between Lurcanio and a stranger knight ;
Where, on a spacious meadow's level sward,
The pair already had begun the fight.
The porter opened to Mount Alban's lord,
And straight behind the peer the portal hight
Rinaldo through the empty city rode,
But in a hostel first the dame bestowed :

And wills that she (he will not long delay
To seek her there) till his return repose ;
And quickly to the lists pursued his way,
Where the two made that fell exchange of blows
And strove and struggled yet in bloody fray.
Lurcanio's heart with vengeful hatred glows
Against Geneura ; while that other knight
As well maintains the quarrel for her right.

Six knights on foot within the palisade
Stand covered with the corslet's iron case ;
Beneath the Duke of Albany arrayed,
Borne on a puissant steed of noble race :
Who there, as lord high-constable obeyed,
Was keeper of the field and of the place,
And joyed Geneura's peril to espy
With swelling bosom and exulting eye.

Rinaldo pierces through the parted swarm
(So wide is felt the good Bayardo's sway),
And he who hears the courser come in storm
Halts not in his desire to make him way :
Above is seen Rinaldo's lofty form,
The flower of those who mixed in martial fray.
He stops his horse before the monarch's chair,
While all to hear the paladin repair.

"Dread sir," to him the good Rinaldo said,
"Let not the pair this combat longer ply ;
Since whichsoever of the two falls dead,
Know that you let him perish wrongfully :
This thinks that he is right, and is misled,
Vouches the false, and knows not 'tis a lie ;
Since that which brought his brother to his end
Moves him in causeless battle to contend.

"*That*, in pure gentleness, with little care
If what he here maintains be wrong or right,
Because he would preserve a maid so fair,
Perils his person in the furious fight.
To injured innocence I safety bear,
And to the evil man its opposite.
But first, for love of God, the battle stay ;
Then list, sir king, to what I shall display."

So moved the king the grave authority
Of one who seemed so worthy, by his cheer,
That he made sign the battle should not be
Further continued then with sword or spear :
To whom, together with his chivalry,
And barons of the realm and others near,
Rinaldo all the treacherous plot displayed,
Which Polinesso for Geneura laid.

Next that he there in arms would testify
The truth of what he vouched, the warrior cried.
False Polinesso called, with troubled eye
Stood forth, but daringly the tale denied.
To him the good Rinaldo in reply,
"By deeds be now the doubtful quarrel tried."
The field was cleared, and, ready armed, the foes,
Without more let, in deadly duel close.

How was the hope to king and people dear,
The proof might show Geneura innocent !
All trust that God will make the treason clear,
And show she was accused with foul intent :
For Polinesso, greedy and severe
And proud was held, and false and fraudulent.
So that none there, of all assembled, deemed
It marvel if the knight such fraud had schemed

False Polinesso, with a mien distressed,
A pallid cheek, and heart which thickly beat,
At the third trumpet laid his lance in rest ;
As well Rinaldo spurred the knight to meet,
And levelled at his evil foeman's breast,
Eager to finish at a single heat.
Nor counter to his wish was the event ;
Since through the warrior half his weapon went

Him, through his breast impaled upon the spear,
More than six yards beyond his horse he bore.
With speed alighted Mount Albano's peer,
And, ere he rose, unlaced the helm he wore :
But he for mercy prayed with humble cheer,
Unfit to strive in joust or warfare more :
And, before king and court, with faltering
breath
Confessed the fraud which brought him to his
death.

He brings not his confession to a close,
And pangs of death the failing accents drown :
The prince, who ended saw his daughter's woes,
Redeemed from death and scorn, her virtues
shown,

With more delight and rapture overflows
Than if he, having lost his kingly crown,
Then saw it first upon his head replaced ;
So that he good Rinaldo singly graced.

And when, through his uplifted casque displayed,
Features, well known before, the king descried,
His thanks to God with lifted hands he paid,
That he had deigned such succour to provide.
That other cavalier who bared his blade,
Unknown of all, upon Geneura's side,
And thither came from far his aid to impart,
Looked upon all that passed, and stood apart.

Him the good king entreated to declare
His name, or, at the least, his visage show ;
That he might grace him with such guerdon
fair

As to his good intent was justly due.
The stranger, after long and earnest prayer,
Lifted the covering casque, and bared to view
What in the ensuing canto will appear,
If you are fain the history to hear.

Wretched that evil man who lives in trust
His secret sin is safe in his possession !
Since, if nought else, the air, the very dust
In which the crime is buried, makes confession ;
And oftentimes his guilt compels the unjust,
Though sometime unarraigned in worldly session
To be his own accuser, and bewray,
So God has willed, deeds hidden from the day.

The unhappy Polinesso hopes had nursed,
Wholly his secret treason to conceal
By taking off Dalinda, who was versed
In this, and only could the fact reveal ;
And adding thus a second to his first
Offence, but hurried on the dread appeal,
Which haply he had shunned, at least deferred ;
But he to self-destruction blindly spurred,

And forfeited estate, and life, and love
Of friends at once, and honour, which was more
The cavalier unknown, I said above,
Long of the king and court entreated sore,
At length the covering helmet did remove,
And showed a visage often seen before,
The cherished face of Ariodantes true,
Of late lamented weeping Scotland through ;

Ariodantes, whom with tearful eye
His brother and Geneura wept as dead,
And king, and people, and nobility :
Such light his goodness and his valour shed.
The pilgrim therefore might appear to lie
In what he of the missing warrior said.
Yet was it true that from a headland he
Had seen him plunge into the foaming sea ;

But, as it oft befalls despairing wight
Who grisly Death desires till he appear,
But loathes what he had sought on nearer sight
(So painful seems the cruel pass and drear) ;
Thus, in the sea engulfed, the wretched knight,
Repentant of his deed, was touched with fear ;
And, matchless both for spirit and for hand,
Beat back the billows and returned to land. .

And now despising, as of folly bred,
The fond desire which did to death impel,
Thence, soaked and dripping wet, his way did
tread,
And halted at a hermit's humble cell :
And, housed within the holy father's shed,
There secretly awhile designed to dwell,
Till to his ears by rumour should be voiced
If his Geneura sorrowed or rejoiced.

At first he heard that, through excess of woe,
The miserable damsel well-nigh died :
For so abroad the doleful tidings go,
’Twas talked of in the island far and wide :
Far other proof than that deceitful show
Which, to his cruel grief, he thought he spied !
And next against the fair Geneura heard
Lurcanio to her sire his charge preferred :

Nor for his brother felt less enmity
Than was the love he lately bore the maid :
For he too foul and full of cruelty
Esteemed the deed, although for him essayed ;
And hearing after, in her jeopardy,
That none appeared to lend the damsel aid,
Because so puissant was Lurcanio’s might,
All dreaded an encounter with the knight ;

And that who well the youthful champion knew,
Believed he was so wary and discreet
That, had what he related been untrue,
He never would have risked so rash a feat,—
For this the greater part the fight eschew,
Fearing in wrongful cause the knight to meet—
Ariodantes (long his doubts are weighed)
Will meet his brother in Geneura’s aid.

" Alas ! he said, " I cannot bear to see
Thus by my cause the royal damsel die ;
My death too bitter and too dread would be
Did I, before my own, her death descry :
For still my lady, my divinity
She is—the light and comfort of my eye.
Her, right or wrong, I cannot choose but shield,
And for her safety perish in the field.

" I know I choose the wrong, and be it so !
And in the cause shall die : nor this would
move,
But that, alas ! my death, as well I know
Will such a lovely dame's destruction prove.
To death I with one only comfort go,
That, if her Polinesso bears her love,
To her will manifestly be displayed
That hitherto he moves not in her aid.

" And me, so wronged by her, the maid shall view
Encounter death in her defence ; and he,
My brother, who such flames of discord blew,
Shall pay the debt of vengeance due to me.
For well I ween to make Lurcanio rue
(Informed of the event) his cruelty,

Who will have thought to venge me with his
brand,
And will have slain me with his very hand."

He, having this concluded in his thought,
Made new provision of arms, steed, and shield ;
Black was the vest and buckler which he bought,
Where green and yellow striped the sable field :
By hazard found, with him a squire he brought,
A stranger in that country ; and concealed
(As is already told) the unhappy knight
Against his brother came, prepared for fight.

The issue of the event was told above ;
How prince and people Ariodantes knew.
Nor less delight the Scottish king did prove
Than when the knight the accuser overthrew :
Within himself he thought that never love
In man was shown so constant and so true ;
Who, though so foully wronged, prepared to stake
His life against his brother's for her sake :

And yielding to his natural inclination,
And at the suit of all his court beside,
And mostly at Rinaldo's instigation,
Assigned the youth the damsel as his bride.

Albany's duchy, now in sequestration,
Late Polinesso's, who in duel died,
Could not be forfeited in happier hour,
Since this the monarch made his daughter's dower



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